

THE  
HISTORY  
of the tryall of  
Chèualry,

With the life and death of Caua-  
liero Dicke Bonyer.

As it hath bin lately acted by the right  
Honourable the Earle of Darby his  
Scrutins.



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ЕИНТ  
ОТСИН

Do llyw i'r o

Clwyd

o ddiolch i'r o  
yng Nghymru

o ddiolch i'r o  
yng Nghymru



1030

Prifysgol yng Nghymru  
yng Nghymru  
yng Nghymru  
yng Nghymru

# The Historie of the triall of Cheualry.

Enter Lewes, King of France, Philip his sonne, Katharina, his  
daughter, Roderick, and Flaunders with Drum & colours,  
and soldiers at one dore: at the other, enter Nauar, Ferdinand,  
Bellamira, and the Earle of Pembroke, and Bourbon.



Vke Roderick, and my noble cozen Flaunders,  
Art your Battalions ready for the charge?

Red. Ten thousand men of Orleance I com-  
maund,

And those are brauely marshald on the playn,  
Ready to be commaunded by your Highnesse.

Flaund. As many of the warlike brood of Mars  
Doe call me Generall: those, my gracious Lord,  
Together with my selfe I recommend,  
To be commaunded by your Maiestie. (thanks,

Lew. Thanks, Earle of Flaunders, Duke of Orleance,  
What lets vs that we charge not on the Foe?

Nauar. My Lord of Pembroke, are your Englishmen  
Squadrond withouts, and ready for the charge?

Pemb. The French and English make one warlike body,  
Whereof your Highnesse is the mouing head:  
Or peace or warre, as pleaueth you directt.

Nau. Then War, and giue the signall through the Host.

Lew. Nauar, Nauar, submision were more meete,  
Then to adde bloud to wrong.

Nau. What wrong, King Lewes?  
The Kingdome of Nauar we will acknowledge  
To hold of none but of the King of Kings.

Lew. Three hundred yeres prescriptions on our sides,  
So long thy Ancestors by fealty  
Haue held thy Kingdome of the Crowne of France.

Pemb. Talke not of yeres, yeres limite not a Crowne,  
There's no prescription to inthrall a King:

## The History of

He finds it written in the Rowles of time,  
Nauar's a Kingdome solely absolute,  
And by collusion of the Kings of France,  
Because it lies so fitly vpon France,  
The people speaking all one mother tong,  
It hath bin wrested for a Royalty.

Vntruly due vnto the Crowne of France.  
That Pembroke speaks the truth, behold my sword,  
Which shall approue my words, substantiall.

Rod. Pembroke, you are too plaine in your discourse.

Bur. I tell thee, Roderick, Pembroke's soldier-like  
Hath truly opened, what ten thousand lies  
Will hardly doe, if warre be made the Judge.

Ro. If war be Judge: why, shallow-witted Bourbon,  
Who shall decide this difference, but war?  
Hath not the Judge put on his Scarlet Robe?  
Is not the field prepar'd? our men in armour?  
The Trumpets ready for the sound of death?  
And nothing hinders vs but our owne words?  
Leave idle parley, my dread soueraigne Lord,  
And soone resolute the Duke in fire and smoke,  
That he maintaines a title false and forg'd,  
And that Nauar is a usurping Lord.

Na. On that ile hazzard all these valiant liues,  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, make King Lewes know,  
He makes his best friend proue his greatest fo.

Lew. Why pause our drums? our trumpets speak as lowd,  
Till the bright ayre be made a purple cloud.

Phil. Pause, gracious father.

Ferd. Noble father, pause.

Let Ferdinand thy sonne so far preuayle,  
That peace, not war may end this difference.

Bor. For Bellamires sake abstayne from war.

Phil. Philip thy sonne humbly desires a peace.  
Let not my father sheathe his warlike sword  
Within the bowels of his Countreymen.

King. Thy

the tryall of Cheualry.

Kath. Thy daughter *Katherina* prayes the like.

Nan. From whence proceds this sudden sound of peace?  
Comes it from me? what, from my Ferdinand?

From *Bellamira* my sweet second selfe?

Low. Or rather comes it (*Lowes*) from thy soule?

Thy Philip, the true Image of thy selfe?

Thy *Katherina*, thy hearts chiefest joye?

Rod. Princes, you aske, you know not what your selues.

Pem. Roderick, they aske a sweet and pleasing boone.

Rod. Why, they aske peace, and we are set for war.

Fer. Tis a bad peace exceds not a iust war.

Phil. We will not rise from this submissive ground,  
Till we obtayne, if not a peace, a truce.

Fer. Nor shall our feete bee guilty of new stepe,  
Till I obtayne a truce from murdering war.

Low. Shew me some reason (sones) for this demand.

Nan. Shew me some reason (children) for this prayce.

Fer. I loue the daughter of thine enemy.

Fayre *Katherina* hath inbraud my heart.

Phil. I loue the daughter of thine enemy,

Fayre *Bellamira* hath inbraud my heart.

Pem. Is loue the cause? then wherefore wage we war?

What matter ist who weares both Diadems,

When the Succession lies in cythers heynes?

If Ferdinand be crownd King of Navar,

Fayre *Katherina* shalbe crownd his Queene:

If Philip weare the Diadem of France,

Fayre *Bellamira* made his louely Queene,

Swayes halfe the Scepter. See what heauen can doe,

Provide for peace, euen in the iawes of war!

Kat. How sweetly doth the Earle of Pembroke speake!

Now trust me I am rauisht with his voyce.

Low. What sayes Navar? what, ist war or peace?

Na. A truce for three moneths, so it please your Highnes,

During which time our children shall haue leaue,

With Drum and Trumpet to surueigh the Campe,

## The History of

To Court our daughters, and to feast themselves,  
As fit the sonnes of honourable foes :  
And if it proue a match betweene them both,  
There end all difference, he bequeath my Crowne,  
As a rich offering to their nuptiall Rites.

Lew. Here, strike the truce vpon my kingly hand,  
Which is as surely ratified in this,  
As by the testimoniall of a world.  
So now, for three moneths space all warres surceale,  
Our thoughts are wholy fixt on loue and peace. *Exeunt.*

*Mamoto Rodorick, and Burbon.*

Rod. Zounds, heres a truce made vp by miracle.

Burb. He crosse it by a wily stratageme.

Rod. What stratageme ?

Burb. By loue to Bellamire.

Oh could I drie into the Princes heart,  
By any insinuation ne're so baile,  
How easily might I effect my plot,  
To make the Kingdome of Navarre mine owne.  
Twere but a dram or so vnto the sonne,  
And a small thing would send the old man hence.  
What, noble Rodorick, to payne a Crowne,  
A Duke would doe much.

Rod. More then poysone two :  
But you, my Lord, forget your selfe too farre,  
Know you to whom you haue disclosde your heart.

Burb. Why, to the Duke of Orléance.

Rod. The deare friend of Lewes the French King.

Burb. King me no Kings,  
Although we seeme to be of severall sides,  
Rodorick, we loue together like true friends,  
This Truce giues ayme to our intention :  
Assist me (worthy Orléance) to effect,  
First, my desired loue, and next the Crowne.

Rod. Peter de Lyons is your Lordships seruant,  
A boone companion, and a lusty Knaue :

He

## the tryall of Cheualry.

He is in loue with Bellamira mayd,  
And by that loue he may bestead your Highnesse,  
More then your best friends in your best designes.  
Call him forch. Enter Peter.

Burb. What Peter. Peter. Here, my Lord.

Burb. Why dost thou looke so wildly?

Pet. Now with drinke, not yet with rage.

Red. His looks are waldi with loue.

Pet. With loue surreuerence? can there be a face  
In all the world patcht vp with eyes and lips,  
A forhead, and a payre of Crimson cheeks,  
To make me desirous to make me looke wld?

Red. Come, come, tis knowne that you loue Bellamira.

Pet. Zounds, they that know that, know my heart & all,  
I haue not the power to deny it, tis most true.

Burb. And tis most true that I loue Bellamira:  
Now if thou art in fauour of thy wench,  
Many a meeting thou mayst helpe me to,  
And learne besides what suitors seeke her loue,  
And whom she most affects. These things once knowne,  
Twere worth a Dukedom, Peter.

Pet. Sblood, give me a Dukedom, and ile warrant you  
The knowledge of these things ten times o're.

Red. Theres Angels for thee, Peter, thinke on them,  
And doe thy best to helpe thy masters loue.  
Well, howsoeuer I smooch it to the Duke,  
My thoughts are bent on his destruction. (for you.

Pet. You haue my heart in your purse, ile doe any thing

Bur. And thou shalt want no gold, & to farwel. Exeunt.

Pet. I cannot ches but farewell; and haue the good Angels to comfort me; yet I am melancholy. Heres gold to make me merry: O but (hey ho) heres loue to make me sad. To a good piality, I am crost with a Sutor, that wants a piece of his young; and that makes him come lipping home: they call him Quashier Bowyer, he will haue no nay, but the wench. By these hilts, such another swash-Buckler lies not

## The History of

in the nyne quarters of the world : why, he came ouer with  
the Earle of Pembroke; and he limps, and ha limps, & he  
deuoures more French ground as two paces, tho' will serue  
*Thomafin* at nineeene. If euer he speake French, to abynd  
prolixity, he will murder the young. He provide for him,  
theres but small choice, either he shall renounce the wch,  
or forsake his lame legs, his lisping young, and his life to for  
by S. Denis, I had rather dye in a ditch, then be boord of  
my fayre *Thomafin*. *Exi.*

*Enter at one dore Philip and Roderick, a Drummer befor the  
wch his Drum at his back; at the other dore, Ferdinand and  
Pembroke with their Drummer.*

*Ferd.* Whicher goes roiall Philip thus prepar'd?

*Phil.* On what aduenture goes Prince Ferdinand?

*Ferd.* To conquer all the world, fayre Katharine,  
Whose beauty in mine oye surmounts it far.

Vertue and loue conduets me to your sister.

*Phil.* On the like voyaige are my fortunes bound,  
I goc to winne thy sister.

*Ferd.* Some fayre Starre,  
On our'great hopes shinc fayre and debonaire.

*Pemb.* Amen, sayth Pembroke.

*Rod.* Amen, sayth Roderick.

*Ferd.* This way my Loue dwels.

*Phil.* In this ayre breathes mine.

*Beth.* Farewell.

*Phil.* Prince Ferdinand, if these croffe loues  
Enioy a wch successe, peace here shall dwell.

*Ferd.* And we be friendly Brothers.

*Phil.* True.

*Beth.* Farewell.

*Exeunt Philip, and Roderick.*

*Pemb.* Pity such true loue, which like blessed seed,  
Sowne in such fertile soyle, his princely brest,  
By the rough stormy brow and winters hatc

*Of*

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Of aduerse parents should be timelesse ript,  
And dye t're it attayne maturity :  
For I haue heard, the Princesse whom he serues,  
Is hotely courted by the Duke of Bourbon,  
Who to effect his choyce, hath in these warres  
Furnisht your father with a gallant power :  
His loue may haply then dislable *Philips*.

*Fer.* O no, my father doth effect the Prince :  
Besides, my sisters heart is so combin'd  
To his in perfect loue, that *Bourbons* hate,  
Nor all the world that knot can separate.  
Then sorrow not for him, but turns the stremes  
Of gentle pity on thy wretched friend,  
Within whose boosome loue hath kindled fire,  
So ardent, that the flames will bury me.  
*Philip* is throned in my sisters eyes :  
But in my loue disdayne and hatred lies.

*Pem.* Doth she not pay true kindnesse with the like ?

*Fer.* As stepdames, orphanes, night, the cleer-fa't day,  
So doth she hate me, and returne my woes,  
Like a steeled Anvill backward on my selfe.  
She is all hate, yet such a louely foc,  
That I must kisst the sword that wounds me so.

*Pem.* Interre these thoughts, this is her fathers tent,  
Drum, giue a friendly summons to the King.

*Fer.* Forbear a while (deare *Pembroke* !) by our vowes,  
Which in the booke of heauen are registred,  
By all the rightes of friendship, by that loue  
Thou bearest thy native Countrey, I coniure thee,  
This day to be the Trumpet of my worsh,  
To speake the paissions of thy grieved friend,  
To *Katharines* cares, till those pure Iuory gates,  
Pearst with the volley of thy battring words,  
Giue way to my lament to touch her heart :  
For this haue I extracted the from many,  
Made thee my fellow Pilgrym to her shrine,

## The History of

Knowing thy thoughts from loues Religion free,  
When my prayers fayle, thy tonges may plead for me,  
Pem. Must I be spokesman? Pembroke plead for loue?  
Whose young tunde to the Instruments of war,  
Neuer knew straine of fancy on my breath:  
Affection neuer dwelt, but war and death.  
But if thou lou'dst to have thy soldiers fight,  
Or hearten the spenccourages of men,  
Pembroke could vse a stile invincible.  
Lou'dst thou a towne, Ile teach thee how to woo her,  
With words of thunder-bullets wrapt in fire,  
Till with thy Cannon battery she relent,  
And humble her proud heart, stoop to thee.  
Or if not this, then mount she on a Steed,  
Whose courage neuer awde an iron Bit,  
And thou shalt heare me hollow to the beast,  
And with commaunding accents master him:  
This Courtship Pembroke knowes; but idle loue,  
The slicke-fac't object of an amorous brayne,  
Did neuer clothe mine eye-balls, neuer caught  
This young inurde to broyles and stratagems,  
The passionate language of a troubled heart:  
I am too blunt and rude for such nice seruice.  
Yet since my friend inioynes me to this taske,  
Take courage, ille both speake, plead, woo for thee,  
And when I want fit words to moue her mind,  
Ille draw my sword, and swear she must be kind.  
Drummer report our presence to the King,

A parley, and answered. Enter France, Flann-  
ders, and attendants.

Lew. Prince Ferdinand, and honourd English Pembroke,  
Now by S. Denis, welcome. One run ne straight,  
And giue our daughter notice of these ghosts.  
What man, we know you come prepar'd to woo:

To

## the tryall of Cheualry.

To woo, to winne; now by our sacred life,  
We wish in soule our daughter were your wife.  
Our sonne is with your sister, faire hap wayt:  
For peace or war lies in your loue or hate.  
Welcome once more; first, weele go see your loue,  
After, to banquet, and from thence to woo.  
Be merry, then weele share a friendly part,  
But you shall triumph in our daughters heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katharina, her man Bowyer, and a  
Paynter.

*Katb.* See that the Tent be ready furnished.  
By this, my father and those Lords are met,  
Mongst whom, the noble *Pembroke*, like the Sunne,  
Out-shines the borrowed glory of the rest:  
And well I may compare him to the Sunne,  
That but once lookt vpon with his fayre shape,  
Hath dazled my poore sences, and left me blind.  
But serra, where's the man I bade you bring?  
*Bow.* If you can iudge of colours (Madam) this is he.  
*Paynter*, stand forth.

*Katb.* An earnest cause (my friend) importunes me,  
Wherein I am to craue thy cunningst Arte.

*Payn.* Such as it is, you may commaund, faire Princesse,  
*Katb.* But are thy colours fresh? thy pensill smoothe &  
Thy hand vnwaering? and thy head dislodg'd  
Of all vnquiet harsh incumbrances?  
For thou must draw proportion of those parts,  
Whose worth to tell, my coung wants utterance.

*Payn.* Fear you not (Madam) I am well prepar'd.  
*Kat.* Then hither strait with youthfull *Ferdinand*,  
*Nassars* stout sonne, there comes an English Knight,  
*Pembroke* they call him, honourably borne:  
Him (whilst we are in conference) thou shalt marke,  
And to the life set downe his counterfet.

## The History of

Nor is it needfull I should shew him thee,  
The goodliest person in the traine, that's hee.

Bor. Let me alone to give the Paynter destruction, I  
know him as well as the Begger knowes his dish: he weares  
a white Scarfe in his hat, and an Orange tawny feather vp  
on his arme.

Kat. Foole, indirectly thou describest another:  
Thats Prince *Nawar*, *Pembroke*: his plume is *Azure*,  
A little intermixt with spotlesse white,  
Presfiguring the temper of the Sky,  
With whose hye motion his great mind doth moue.

Bor. Orange tawny and *Azure*, all's one, all is but fea-  
ther, there is no difference I am sure but in colour.

Kat. Why, that's as much as may be, is it not?  
Bor. Not so, ile proue the contrary: You are fayre, and  
I am foule, is that all the difference betweene you and I?  
there's another thing in it, if you marke it well.

Kat. I prythee peace, and withchy ignorance  
Draw not the Paynter likewise into errour.  
Here take thy stand, thou knowst him by these markes  
I lately spake of: seeme to exzell thine Arte,  
And I will study to requite thy paynes.

Enter *Lemos*, *Ferdinand*, *Pembroke*, *Rodericks*,  
and *Flunders*.

Leb. Thus did the Greeks, when they begirt the walles  
Of strong built Troy, sometimes with friendly checke  
Entertayne peace, and spend their frollick houres,  
In courtly feasting of each other foy.  
Welcome (young *Ferdinand*) I promise you,  
It cheeres my spirit we doe imbrace you here,  
And welcome too (brave Lord) we cannot say,  
As if we were in Paris; we maight say,  
Your viands shall be costly: but presume,  
Such as the Camp affords, weele haue the best.  
Daughter, I prythee bid them welcome.

Kat. My

the tryall of Cheualry.

*Katb.* My Lord, I doe  
That with the Congy of a bended knee :  
But this with my true hearts loyalty.

*Lew.* Lords, you are welcome, by my fathers leaue.

*Lew.* Why, now thou dost content thy father, *Kate*,  
When wholly vnto merriment inclin'd,  
Thou answerst with like sympathy of mind.

*Fer.* But yet her lookes are haggard and obscure,  
Which makes me doubtfull sheele not stoop to lure.

*Lew.* Princes, let's enter: come, Ile lead the way:  
The feast is mine, you are my ghests this day.

*Fer.* Now *Pembroke*, shew thy friendshys true effect,  
Obayne her loue, my life thou shalt protect. *Exeunt.*

*Kat.* He stayes behind the rest, O happy houre !  
Worke on (sweet Paynter) to inrich mine eyc  
With that, which els procures my tragedy.

*Pem.* Fayre Madam, in this confluence of sweet ioy,  
When every one resorts vnto the feast,  
Me thinkes you should not thus retyre alone,  
As seeming, your best fare were heauy mone.

*Kat.* I am not (Sir) alone, nor do I starue  
My appetite with any wilfull fast,  
I haue a banquet of sweet pleasing thoughts;  
That is more precious then the costliest feast.

*Pem.* But at your fathers boord there sits a ghest,  
To whom the cup of *Ganimede* will seeme  
But iuice of *Hemlocke*, and the daintiest dish,  
As much vnsauory as the *Pomice* stone,  
Vnlesse your presence season his delight.

*Kat.* I am sory I want skill to serue his dyet,  
I haue not bin instructed to such end.

*Pem.* But I wil teach you (Madam) if you please.

*Kat.* Rather the party grieved first should shew  
Wherin we erre, els how can we discerne  
What is our fault, or how we may amend?

*Pem.* That office he committs vnto my touny.

## The History of

Kat. Is he not able then to speake himselfe?

Pem. Yes, Madam, I haue heard when Ferdinand,  
With whom in Padua I was conuersant,  
So speake in the assembly of the learn'd,  
With such a grace and well composed phrase,  
As many thought graue Tullies eloquence  
Flowed like a hony Riuier from his lips.

Kath. He wanteth then be like sufficient courage.

Pem. Neuer liv'd Knight lesse preiudic'd in that,  
Then valiant Ferdinand, whom I haue seene,  
Couch his staffe Launce with such dexterity,  
As if the god of battell had himselfe  
Entred the Lists, and preassing to the mid<sup>t</sup>  
Of steele-composed troops, like lightning fly,  
Till he had made a passage with his sword.

Kat. So puissant in his fortitude with men,  
And daunted with a silly womans looks?  
How can that be?

Pem. Yes, when you weygh the force  
Of your resitlesse and controwling beauty,  
It is your beauty: were his power and spirit  
Ten times more hauty ventrous then it is,  
Compels it stoope in homage to your foot,  
As trembling Lambs, when they to Lions couch.

Kat. Twas well he chose so good an Orator,  
To plead the imperfection of his cause.

Pem. I should haue that opinion of my selfe,  
If for my sake your Grace would fauour him.

Kat. Yes, for your sake we haue indur'd his name;  
And for your sake we tolerate his suite:  
But when you cease to speake, then all that prayle  
You haue attributed to his desert,  
Seemes borrowed from your selfe, you are the man  
Whose eloquence compares with Ciceroes.  
You are the man, whose knightly fortitude  
Liues in the world vnpredic'd of any.

You

## the tryall of Cheualry.

You vanquish beauty, and inthrall the mind  
Of female weakness, with no lesser awe,  
Then Indian vassayles stoop unto their Lords,  
The hame of Ferdinand you haue mista'ne:  
Say tis your selfe, and then your whole discourse  
Obserues the perfect method that it shold,

*Pem.* Should I be false and trecherous to my friend?  
I am intreated but to speake for him.

*Kat.* But for your selfe would be more acceptable,  
Oh pardon me, nor let immodest strayne  
Cleane to my brow, my loue is chastely bred,  
Other then Pembroke, Katharine never vowes,  
Shall be inthroniz'd in hermayden thoughts,

*Pem.* Mistake me not, I say tis Ferdinand  
Dyes in affection to your Deity.

*Kat.* But in affection I seruice to none,  
But onely Pembroke.

*Pem.* Will you be esteem'd  
A cruell murdresse of a loyall friend?

*Kat.* Will Pembroke triumph in a womans fall?

*Pem.* You anger me, respect young Ferdinand.

*Kat.* You please me not, to speake of Ferdinand.

*Pem.* Nay, then tis time to go, or wrong my friend.  
Since, Madam, what I would I cannot doe,  
Mine honour here bids me leaue off to woo. *Exit.*

*Kat.* Stay, Pembroke, Katharine will sue to thee,  
So shalt thou keepe thy fayth and loyalty.

*Baw.* Tary, sir, tary, we want the length of your nose: nay,  
if you will not heare, ile be so bold as follow your nose.

*Sir,* tary, tary. *Exit.*

*Kat.* He will not heare, nor (too vnkind) looke backe.

*Payn.* But, Madam, spight his heart you shall see this.

*Kat.* Give me his picture: Image far more kind,  
Then is the substance, whence thou art deriu'd!  
Which way soever I diuert my selfe,  
Thou seemest to follow with a louing eye.

## The History of

Thee will I therefore hold within mine armes, *Enter Fer.*  
As some small comfort to increasing harmes.

*Fer.* What meaneſt my ſecond ſelfe by this long ſtayſt  
I cannot reſt till I be certiſied,  
What good or bad ſucceſſe my ſuite returneſt:  
But he is gone, and in faire Katharines hand  
I ſee his picture. What may this pretend?

*Kat.* Thou haſt done well indeed, in every part  
Thou ſhewſt complete & curiouſe workmauſhip:  
His eye, his lip, his cheeke are rightiſt fram'd;  
But one thing thou haſt groſſiſt ouerſlipt.  
Where is his ſtubborn vnaclenſing heart,  
That lurkeſt in ſecret as his maſter doth,  
Difdayning to regard or pity me?

*Payn.* Madam, his heart muſt be imagined  
By the deſcription of the outward parts.

*Kat.* O no; for then it would be tractable,  
Mild and applauſiuſe as the others be.

*Fer.* No Prince, but Pembrooke dwels in Katharines eye,  
Whofe that diſturbs our pleaſing ſolitude.

*Fer.* Know you not me? my name is Ferdinand,  
Whofe faithfull loue Lord Pembrooke late commenac'te

*Kat.* Speake then for Pembrooke as he diſ for you,  
Or elſe your bootleſſe ſuite will ſoone be cold.

*Fer.* Why, he was Orator in my behalfe:  
If I ſhould ſpeake for him, as he for me,  
Then I hould I breaſt forth his paſſions, not mine  
I, I, tis ſo, the villaine, in my name, (owne.  
Hath purcaſhd her affection for himſelfe,  
And theretore was he abſent from the feaſt:  
And therefore ſhuns my ſight, and leaues behind  
This counterfeſt, to keepe him ill in mind.

*Tis ſo, tis lo, bale Traytor, for this wrong *Enter Bowyer.**

My ſword ſhall cut out thy perfidious toun.

*Exe.*

*Bow.* I haue runne till I ſweat, ſweat till my ſhirt cleaues  
to my backe, cryed till I am hoare, and am hoare till I

cannot

## the tryall of Cheualry.

cannot cry, and yet he will not come backe.

*Kat.* No matter, fellow, I haue here a pledge,  
Which I will zealously devote me to. Enter  
Lewes.

There's thy reward, withdraw, my father comes.

*Lew.* Where are these Lords? the one hath faine with me,  
And suddenly is risen from the boord:

The other came not at all. *Daughter,* saw you  
The Prince or Pembrooke, which way they are gone?

*Kat.* Backe to their Tents, my Lord, as I suppose,

*Lew.* Backe to their Tents, and take no leaue of vs?  
Nay, then I feare their meaning was too snoothe,

And some blacke Treason couer'd in their smiles,  
Which we will seeke immediately to preuent. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer, and soldiers, with Drum  
and colours.*

*Bow.* Stand, giue the word along, stand.

*Lieu.* Stand there.

*Bow.* Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* Captayne.

*Bow.* Is the watch set in the Kings quarter yet?

*Lieu.* An howre agoe.

*Bow.* Zounds, what foolish Canaanits were they, to run  
in debt to their eyes for an houres sleepe, sooner then they  
needed? Sergeant.

*Ser.* Anon sir.

*Bow.* Anon sir! s'hart, the Rogue answers like a Drawer:  
but tis the tricke of most of these Sergeants, all clincum,  
clancum, Gods dynes, I am an *Onyon*, if I had not rather  
serue formost in the forlorne hoope of a battell, or runne  
poynt blancke against the mouth of a double charged Can-  
non, then come vnder the arrests of some of their pewter  
pessels: zounds, tis hotter a great deale then hell mouth, &  
*Dives* burning in Sulphur: but thou art none of the genea-  
logy of them. Where must we watch to night?

C

*Ser.* In

The History of  
Ser. In the furthest Trenches that confront the enemies  
Campe.

Bow. Thats the next way to haue all our throats cut.

Lies. That cannot be, you know, Captaine, there's a peace  
toward.

Bo. A pox a peace, it keeps our Ancient whole; but s'hart  
our gaberdines go to wrack: but *furia*: tis well known, since  
Dick Bowyer came to Fraunce, he hath shewed himselfe a  
gentleman & a Caualiero, and lets feare at's heeles: and I  
could'scape (a pox on it) th'other thing, I might haps return  
safe & sound to England; but what remedy? al flesh is grasse,  
and some of vs mult needes be scorche in this hote Coun-  
try. Lieutenant Core, prithee lead my Band to their quar-  
ter, and the Rogues do not as they should, cram thy selfe,  
good Core, downe their throats, and choak them, Who  
stand Sentronell to night, sir?

Sol. That must I, Captayne.

Bow. You, Rafe Nod: zounds, soldiers, follow my disci-  
pline, say your prayers, you are all dead men, all dust and a-  
shes, all wormes meat. Lies. How so, Captayne?

Bow. Doe you make him Sentronell? s'hart, heele nod  
presently: and he do not sleepe sitting vpon the poynt of a  
Spanish needle, Dicke Bowyer's a very shitlecocke. Nod!  
zounds, he is one of the nine sleepers, a very Dormouse: &  
I had a Pageant to present, of the seuen deadly sinnes, hee  
should play Slouth: and he did not sleepe when he should  
speake his part, I am a Badger.

Sol. That's true, you haue halfe the nature of a Badger,  
for one leg is shorter then another.

Bow. Zounds, you Rogue, doe not you know that? Ile tell  
you: s'hart, and I lye, call me Iebuzite. Once as I was figh-  
ting in S. Georges fields, and blind Cupid seeing me, and  
taking me for some valiant Achilles, he tooke his shaft, and  
shot me right into the left heele, and euer since, Dick Bow-  
yer hath beene lame: but my heart is as sound as a bell,  
heart of Oake, spirit, spirit, Lieutenant, discharge Nod,  
and

## the tryall of Cheualry.

and let Cricket stand Sentronell, till I come.

*Lieu.* He shall, Captayne.

*Bow.* On afore, strike Drum, march soldiers, keepe your place, Nod; lusty my harts, for the honor of England, & our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembroke. So, I haue dis-  
charg'd my selfe of these. *Exeunt soldiers.*

Hot shot! now to my loue: some may say, the tale of Venus louing Mars, is a fable: but he that is a true soldier, and a Gent, as Dick Bowyer is, & he do not loue some varlet or other, zounds, he is worse then a gaping Oyster without li-  
quor. There's a pretty sweet fac't mother that waits on the  
princesse, that I haue some mind to; but a whorsō *Achisopel*,  
a parasite, a rogue, one whose face looks worse thē a Tailors  
cushen, of old threds & colours; zounds, like a weauers leg,  
in an old ditch feeding horseleaches, & this trotter is my ry-  
ual, & loues Thomasin; his name is *Peter de Lions*; but s'hart  
(I will not swaue neither) if I do not turne Rich. *Cor de Lion*  
with him, if I do not teare out his heart and eate it with mu-  
tard, let him say Dick Bowyer's a Mackarell. Yonder hee *Enter Pe-  
ter, and  
comes with my Property had in hand. Zounds, I say nothing:  
but ile heare what they say, and determine afterward.* *Thomasin*

*Pet.* Thomasin, you know me, I hate prolixity: in a word,  
my humour is thus, I loue you.

*Bow.* And I do not spoyle that humour, so——

*Pet.* Your answere compendiously, & auoyd prolixity.

*Tom.* Mary n'tuffe! by Iesu, I scorne to humble the least  
part about me, to giue answere to such a trotting question: as  
I liue, it ioults mine eares worse in hearing, then the princes  
coach on a broken cawsey.

*Pet.* Thomasin, leaue this pace, & take me with you: my  
Lord loues your Lady, yet I heare say, she is this night betro-  
thed to the Prince of France: so I loue you, and shall I lose  
you? No, I hate prolixity: in a word, the end is, ile mary you.

*Theo.* Prety, as God saue me! what will Captaine Bowyer  
say to that, if he should know it?

*Bow.* A good Rogue, by Iesu.

## The History of

Pe. Bowyer a Captayn: a Capon, a button mould, a lame  
haberdine, a red beard Sprat, a Yellow hammer, a bow case,  
a very Lackdaw with his young slit.

Bow. Zounds, what a Philistine is this? what a dictionary  
of proper names hath the Rogue got together? heart, his  
young crawles as fast as the Cheese doth in Germany, Ile  
pearce you for this, you Lobster.

Pet. Bowyer, *mordu futra* for him; and that sowe crabs do  
but leere at thee, I shall squeeze him to vargis.

Bo. And you squeeze me, I may haps grow saucy with you,  
you whorson burnd Pudding pye, you dry Parsnip: kisse  
me, Thomasin: so, dare you stand to your word now, and  
squeeze me?

Pet. Stumps, I challenge thee for this indignity, Bowyer,  
I will gyrd my selfe with thy guts, I am a Souldiour and a  
Captayne.

Bow. Captayne: s'hart, and thou hast vnder thy charge,  
any other then Pigmies, I am Gogmagog. Dost thou heare  
(sowgelder?) and I do not with sixe Cranes (wel marshald)  
ouerrunne thee and thy hundred and fifty, say Dick Bow-  
yer's a coward.

Pet. For that word, draw.

Tho. Hold, Gentlemen.

Bow. Peace (good Thomasin) silence, sweet socket, Peter,  
dost see this sword? this sword kild Sarlaboys, that was one  
Rogue: now it shall kill thee, that's two Rogues, Whorson  
puttock, no garbage serue you but this: haue at you.

*As they fight, enters Embrooke.*

Pem. Who's this at enmity within our Camps?  
Whar, Bowyer, and the servant to great Bourbon?  
Both sheathe your weapons: by our martiall law,  
This act is death.

Bow. Ile be hangd then. Doest thou heare, noble Gene-  
rall? Dick Bowyer knowes what belongs to seruice: we did  
not draw of any malice, by this element of yron & steele,  
but to measure which of our swords were longest. Ile saue  
you

*the tryall of Cheualry.*

you for once, you Sarazen, because I see youle hang scurui-  
ly: but the next time —

*Pem.* Good Captayne Bowyer, let our English troops  
Keepc a strong watch to night: my throbbing heart,  
Like to a Scritchowle in the midnight houre,  
Bodes some blacke scene of mischiefe imminent.

*Bow.* Neuer feare (Generall) if Julius Cæsar rise vp against  
vs, e're he do my Lord any wrong, zounds, ile be cut smaller  
then pot-hearbs. Ile to the trenches, come Thomasin. Leere  
not, Lobster, lest I thum that russeting face of yours with my  
sword hilt, till that it looke as pyde colourd as the Rainbow.  
By Iesu ile do it, and therefore follow me not. *Exeunt.*

*Pem.* Why should this load of griefe lye on my heart  
With such a ponderous waight? I know no cause,  
Vnlesse it be by thinking on the wrong  
My friend receyues in the vnmatched loue,  
Which Katharine beares me: yet my fayth is sound,  
And like a solid Rock shall check her teares.  
Katharine loues me; yet for my friends delight,  
Pembroke will hate her loue, and flye her sight. *Exi.*

*Enter Bourbon, Nauar, Philip, Bellamira, Rodoriske,  
and attendants.*

*Bur.* Nauar, you sprinckle me with foul reproch,  
And dimme the lustre of our royll name,  
With colours of dishonour.

*Nau.* Hearc me, Bourbon.

*Bur.* What words can satisfy so great a wrong?  
Haue you not with consent of all your Lords,  
Promisid your daughter to this generous prince?

*Nau.* Their true loue forst vs to it.

*Bur.* True loue? tis fayn'd.

*Phil.* Ha, Bourbon.

*Bel.* Gentle Philip.

*Phil.* With my sword,  
Ile proue my loue vnfayned, thicke a false Lord.

## *The History of*

*Bur.* This like a Sanctuary frees thy young,  
And giues thee childish liberty of speach,  
Which els would fawne and crouch at Burbons frowne.

*Phil.* Now by S. Denis —

*Burb.* Ile not chat with boyes.

Nauar, to thee I speak: thy daughters looks,  
Like the North Star to the Sea-tost Mariners,  
Hath brought me through all dangers, made me turne  
Our royll Palace, to this stage of death,  
Our state and pleasures, to a bloudy Campe,  
And with the strength and puissance of our force,  
To lift thy falling and decayed state,  
Euen to her pristinc glory, in thy quarrell  
Burbation hath set himselfe against his King,  
And soylde his greatnessse with a Traytors name.  
Now when our worth expected rich reward,  
Fayre Bellamira, wonder of her time,  
Must Philip haue her?

*Phil.* Bourbon, shee is mine.

*Bur. Mordew:* ile be reueng'd, by heauen I will,  
Or I will paue these plaines with the dead bodies  
Of our deare subiects: we haue sworne thy fall,  
That oates thy death, our rage thy funerall.

*Nas.* Heare our excuse.

*Bur.* We will not credit ayre.

Peter, watch Rodorick, when the prince is gone,  
Tell him, Ide speake with him.

*Pet.* Enough, tis done.

*Bur.* Nauar, this setting Sun, which sees our wrong,  
Shall e're his morrowes beames guide the proud East,  
View His mens rites turnd to a tragick feast. *Exit Bourbon.*

*Na.* His anger beares him hence, young prince of France,  
Since to reduce our enmity to loue,  
And thereby like a fayre and louely Bryde,  
To mary peace to France, we are content,  
To bring the sea-tost barke of your affects,

Half

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Halfe shipwrackt with the tempest of these wars,  
To their desired port, as we agreed:  
Go to your father, and informe him thus :  
If personally heele view our friendly Tents,  
And scale these Articles of peace proposde,  
This night you shall be troth-plight to our child.

*Phil.* Were it to search the furthest Northerne clime,  
Where frosty Hyems with an ycie Mace,  
Strikes dead all liuing things, Ide find it out,  
And borrowing fire from those fayre sunny eyne,  
Thaw Winters frost, and warme that dead cold clime :  
But this impose is nothing, honourd King,  
Ile to my father, and conduct him hither :  
For whilst my soule is parted from her sight,  
This earth is hell, this day a tedious night.

Come Rodorick, you shall beare me company. *Exeunt Phil.*

*Pet.* He shall not, for ile stay him instantly. *Pet. & Rod.*

*Nau.* Twere pity to keepe two such loues asunder.  
Daughter, you & your Ladies to your tent, *Exit Bella.*  
And deck your richly to receiue the prince. *Enter Pemb.*  
My Lord of Pembroke, happily return'd: *after him, Fer.*  
How doth our sonne! See where he comes himselfe.  
Speake, boy, how spedst thou with fayre Katharine?

*Fer.* I know not how: Is trothlesse Pembroke there?

*Nau.* Be not dismayd, at length shal le pity thee.  
Sonne, bid our Officers adorne our Court.  
In her chiefe glory: for this happy night  
Shall set a period to this smarting war.  
Your sister shal be troth-plight to Prince Philip,  
And France and we made friends about it then.  
Pembroke, haue you the charge to see our Captaines  
Prepare a martiall welcome to the King.  
Ile not be idle: since Nauar was crownd,  
Our heart with so much ioy did ne're abound. *Exit Nauar.*

*Fer.* Nor mine with so much hate, Pembroke, a word.

*Pemb.* What wills your Grace?

## The History of

Fer. That Pembroke is a villayne.  
Looke not so strange, I speake it not your friend,  
But hee that in his soule hath sworne thine end.

Pcm. A villayne? and my death? I am amaz'd.  
Art thou awake? or is all this a dreame?

Fer. A dreame of death: meet me to morrow morning,  
As thou art Pembroke and a Gentleman,  
By yon fayre Riuere side, which parts our Camps.  
You know the place, come arm'd, and so farewell.

Pem. Deare friend.

Fer. Push, meet me.

Pem. Ferdinand, I will.

Fer. Reuenge, smile on, thou shalt drink bloud thy fill.

(Exeunt.

Enter Peter standing sentronell.

Pet. This is my wayting night, tis for no good,  
That I stand Sentronell. Well, good or ill,  
I care not greatly, so I get the gold: *Enter Bourbon,*  
Therefore to auoyd prolixity, here walke I. *and Rodorick,*  
Here comes the men that must reward my paine,

Bur. Haue you the poyson?

Rod. And a strong one too.

Heere's a preseruatiue to sauue your hand.

When Rodoricke fayles your Lordship, heauen shall fayle,  
To illuminate the world with cheerfull light.

Bur. Then here about should Peter wayt for me:  
For this is the Pauillion of the Princesse.

Pet. My Lord.

Bur. Peter.

Pet. Here is the key that opens to the Tent,  
I stole it from my sweet heart Thomasin.  
Enter without prolixity, woo and winne the Lady:  
But giue me gold (my Lord) and Ile to Dice,

Bur. Hold, take thy fill.

Pet. And it shall goe as fast.

Bur. Now gentle Peter, get thee vnto rest:

My

## the tryall of Cheualry.

My busynesse craves the absence of the world;  
None but my selfe and Rodoricke shall behold  
The secret complot that I doe intend.

*Per.* I goe, my Lord. *Exe.*

*Burb.* Now blessed key, open vnto my loue,  
Doe more then louing lyars or words can doe:  
My letters haue bin answerd with disdayne:  
Her father I haue mou'd to gayne my loue,  
But he is frosty in my feruent suite,  
And now perforce I will obtayne my loue,  
Or ease her puling hatred by reuenge.

*Ro.* You stay too long, ile help to turne the key.

*Discover her sitting in a chayre asleepe.*

*Bur.* What do I see? the maiestie of heauen,  
Sit in a mayden slumber on the earth?  
What, is my Bellamira turnd a goddesse,  
Within the table of her glorious face!  
Me thinks, the pure extraction of all beauty  
Flowes in abundance to my loue-sick eyc.  
O, Rodoricke, she is admirably fayre:  
And sleeping, if her beauty be so rare,  
How will her eyes inchaunt me if she wake!  
Here, take the poysen, ile not stayne that face,  
For all the treasure of the Westerne Iland.

*Rod.* I see no such admired perfection.  
Waken her, Burbon, and this louing charme,  
Whiche now hath led your sences prisoner,  
Will vanish, and her speach full of reproofe,  
Beget a new phantasma all of hate:  
Thou wilt detest her when she shall deny thee.

*Bur.* Wakē her, Rodorick, for I want the power.

*Rod.* I hope I am disguisde sufficiently,  
That Bellamira cannot know my face,  
Madam, fayre Bellamira,

*Bel.* Here I am, who calls on Bellamira?

*Burb.* I, fayre loue,  
The Duke of Burbon that doth honour thee!

*D*

*Bel.* The

The History of

*Bel.* The Duke of Bourbon is my Tent so late:  
Where is my Gard: what Peter, Ihamafin.

*Rod.* Step to her, and restrayne her, lest she call:  
He be a looker on, and be vndeclared.

*Bur.* What needs your Highnesse call for any gard,  
Since you are garded with a faytfall friend?  
Behold me, Madam, humbly on my knee,  
Come to renew my suite, youchsafe me loue,  
Or with this weapon take away my life:  
Much better twere a thousand times to dye,  
Then liue in torment of your scorching eye.  
You haue inflam'd my heart, oh quench that flame,  
Or into cinders turne my haplesse truncke:  
Haplesse, in being vnbelou'd of you.

*Bell.* My Lord of Bourbon, you presume too much  
On th'extremity of passion.  
Haue I not answerd many an idle letter,  
With full assurance that I cannot loue?  
Haue I not often, *visa voce* checkt  
Your courtly kindnes frownd vpon your smiles?  
Vsde you vnkindly, all to weane your loue?  
And doe you still persever in your suite?  
I tell thee, Bourbon, this bold part of thine,  
To breake into my Tent at dead of night,  
Deserues seuerre correction, and the more,  
Because it brings mine honour into question.  
I charge thee, as thou art a Gentleman,  
Betake thee to thine owne Pavillion,  
And let this answere satisfie for all:  
Burbation, I cannot, nor I will not loue thee.

*Bur.* Cannot, nor wil not: zouds, Madam, but you must.

*Bel.* Must I?

*Bur.* And shall.

*Bel.* You will not force me to it?

*Bur.* Or force that sparkling beauty from your face.  
Looke not so fiercely, nor cry out for helpe:  
For if you doe, this makes you cry your last.

Seing.

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Seing neyther words, kind letters, hearty sighes,  
Humble intreaty, nor a world of payne,  
Can moue you to take pitty of my loue :  
But Tyrant-like, your beauty feeks my life,  
I will blot out that beauty with this iuice,  
Thus, thus, I wipe away my passions :  
Thus doe I heale the tormentes of my loue :  
Thus doe I ransome my inthralled eye,  
And by depriving of the cause of life,  
Kill th'effect, which was a world of sorrow.

Farewell, foule Bellamira, I am pleasede  
In this reuenge, that no way could be easde. *Exit.*

*Rod.* Zounds, he has don't: now, Rodorick, ioy thy fill,  
Burbon is thine, the Dukedom is thine owne :  
For onely he in the Inheritance  
Stood as an obstacl, to let my clayme,  
This deed of his will take away his life :  
And then let me alone to injoy his land.  
He steale away vnseene, cause vnsuspected :  
I would not for the world be once detected. *Exit.*

*Bet.* Poyson my face! oh most inhumane wretch!  
Reuenge more vile, then to abbridge my life,  
What, Thomasin, what, brother Ferdinand :  
My kingly father: is there none that heares?  
Then I reason, treason, let that waken you :  
For capitall is this offence to me.

Enter *Nauar, Pembroke, Ferdinand, and Thomasin.*

*Tbo.* O Iesu, mistris, what ayles your face!

*Nau.* Her face!

*Ferd.* Tis spotted like a Panthers skin,

*Pemb.* O, were those spots as kindly beautifull,  
Then were sayre Bellamira vndeform'd.

*Nau.* O, what diuine power hath sent this Leprosy?

*Ferd.* Say, beauteous sister.

*The History of*

Pemb. Speake, fayre Bellamira,  
Tho. Speake, my good mistris.  
Nan. My sweet daughter, speake.  
Pem. Her silence argues a tormented spirit.  
Fer. Thy countenance argues a deceitful soule.

*Enter Lewes, Philip, Rodericke, and Flauders.*

Lew. Where is Nauar?  
Phil. Where is fayre Bellamira?  
Bel. My Philip, oh giue leaue to fly his sight.  
Nan. Stay, gentle daughter, heele not iniure thee.  
Lew. Heere are the Articles concluded on,  
I could not rest, till I had signed them,  
And brought them to your Highnesse. A moneth hence  
The mariage shall be fully solemnized,  
So please your Maiesty and your fayre daughter:  
Are you content?

Nan. To liue in disconteint.  
Phil. Me thinks, this roiall presence hath dim lookes:  
Is it because they are in the armes of night,  
Which sets a leaden lustre on the eye?  
Or hath some accident ocoasted them,  
That troubles their aspect with melancholy?  
Is Nauar well? is Ferdinand well?  
Is Pembroke well? Is Bellamira well?  
O, where is Bellamira? tell me, Princes,  
For now my tongue hath strook vpon her name.  
I feele a kind of killing extasie.  
Where is she? in her Tent?

Bel. Deny me, father,  
I would not see Prince Philip with this face.

Phi. Why speake you not? what haue I toucht the string?  
Whereon the burden of your sorrow lyes?  
Father, looke round about, see you my loue?  
Rodericke, looke round about, see you my loue?

Lew. I see her not.

Red. Nor I.

Phil. I say not so.

*The*

## the tryall of Cheualry.

The garments that she weares, mine eye should know.  
What Lady's this that hides her heauenly face?  
Here are no Basilisks with killing eyes;  
You need not hide your beauty: sweet, looke vp,  
Me thinks I haue an interest in these lookes.  
What's here, a Leper amongst Noble men?  
What creatures this? why stayes she in this place?  
Oh, tis no maruell though she hide her face:  
For tis infectuous: let her leave the presence,  
Or Leprosie will cleave unto vs all.

*Bel.* O let me leave the presence, gentle father,  
When Philip bids his Bellamira goe.

*Pbil.* My Bellamira!

*Lew.* How! my sonnes belou'd!

*Pbil.* Is this my loue? was this your beautuous child?

*Nau.* My child. *Ferd.* My sister.

*Pemb.* Beauteous Bellamira.

*Nau.* Spotted.

*Ferd.* Disfigured.

*Pemb.* Made a lothsome Leper.

*Rod.* How came this sudden alteration?  
For she was comely, louely, beautifull,  
When the day left his Charriot to the night.

*Na.* That heauen doth know, and onely Bellamira.  
Daughter, I charge thee, tell me how it came.

*Bell.* Burbon, oh Burbon.

*Lew.* Did he doe the deed?

*Bcl.* He came into my Tent at dead of night,  
And rubb'd my face with an infectuous herbe,  
Because I would not graunt unto his loue.  
I cry'd for helpe, but none did succour me.

*Rod.* I know he did, and laugh to thinke on't.

*Lew.* And he shall rue his treason.

*Phil.* Threaten not,

Leaue the reuenge to me whom it concernes,  
Tis I am rob'd of a delicious looke,  
A heauenly sparkling brow, a starry eye,

## The History of

A countenance fayrer then A proras looks,  
When all the East is gilded with her blash,  
Tis I will be reueng'd; but not before  
I haue espousde my louely Bellamira.

*Lew.* Espoused her!

*Nau.* How! marry, a face deform'd!

*Ferd.* A leprous creature!

*Pcm.* An infectious mayd!

*Ro.* One, whose sores are perchance incurable!

*Phil.* Be they incurable, it is my Loue,  
And for my sake she hath endur'd this wrong,  
And, should I now forsake her thus distrest,  
I could not merit a true Louers name,  
To shew I loue her, I will marry her,  
Before the moneth expire, day in the morn:  
Delayes, perchance, may make her think I scorne.

*Bel.* Marry with me? fetch me a looking glasse,  
That I may see how sweet a Bride I am,  
Oh, I detest my selfe: Deare, hate me too:  
I am not to be maryed but to death.  
Though I were Empresse of the spacious world,  
I de lay my selfe and Kingdome at thy feet.  
Lie, noble Philip, joy some happyer match:  
Tis my vnworthiness makes me deny thee.

*Phi.* Thinkst thou, because thy face is spotted so,  
Thou art not worthy of thy Philips loue?  
Thy face to me was but a Marshall,  
To lodge thy sacred person in my mind,  
Which long agoe is surely chambred there:  
And now what needs an outward Harbinger?  
I doe affect, not superficially:  
My loue extendeth further then the skin.  
The inward Bellamira tis I seeke,  
And unto her will Philip be espousde.

*Nau.* Oh admirable loue!

*Lew.* Oh, my deare sonne,  
Thou makest me famous by thy loyalty.

*Ro.* I

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Rod. I never heard the like.

Pemb. Pen never wrot  
A worthye Story to posterity.

Fer. Pen never wrot of a more treacherous friend,  
Then, Pembroke, thou hast prou'd to Ferdinand.

Phil. Sweet Loue, prepare thee to be Philips Bryde?  
For heere I sweare, as I am roiall borne,  
Ile marry thee, before the mornings Sunne  
Hath runne the third part of his glorious course.  
Father, good night: deare friends, deare Loue, good night:  
Mariage, I hope, will make my spirits more lighte. *Exit.*

Naw. Good night, sweet son. King Lewes, stay with me,  
Be thou my comforter, ile comfort thee. *Exeunt Kings.*

Fer. Pembrook, remember that thou faile me not. *Exit.*

Pem. O God, what may these moody lookes intend?  
Mes'hinks, I should haue better from my friend. *Exit.*

Bel. Now, Bellamira, thou hast time to think  
Vpon these troublous matters: should I suffer  
So braue a Gentleman as Philip is,  
To wed himselfe to my vnworthy selfe,  
It would be counted vertue in the Prince;  
But I were worthy of a world of blame:  
No, Philip, no, thou shalt not wrong thine honour,  
Nor be impeacht by Bellamiraes spots.  
In some disguise ile steale away to night,  
And ne're appear more in my Philips sight. *Exit.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer.*

Bow. There is no toyle to this walking of the Round:  
S'hart, I haue beene stumbling vp and downe all this  
night, like a Brewers horse, that has ne're a good eye in  
his head: Tis as darke as Pitch. I can resemble our  
Campe to nothing better then hell, saue that in hell they  
are alwayes waking, and heere the villaynes are as drow-  
sic as swyne. Lieutenant Nod! why, you might haue shot  
a double Cannon in his eare, and neuer haue wak't him:

## The History of

I iogd, and I iogd; I shrowded, and I shrowded; and yet the  
mungrel snorted, you might heare him to Douce: at last,  
I dragd him by the heeles into a ditch of water, and there  
left the Lobster crawling. At the other side, Core be-  
ing appoynted to stand Sentynell vpon the Wallounes  
quarter, & harr the Loach gets me into a Soulders bath, and  
there sits mee drinking for Ioane's best eap: but by this  
hand, and as Dicke Bowyer is a Soldier, and a Caualiero,  
he shall sit in the boutis for it to morrow. My comfort is  
in these extremities, that I brought Thomasin to her La-  
ghel Tent, leauing her new-come Louer to picke strawes:  
but soe, you woulde say, as a swallow in a storme.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. My name is Ferdinand.

Bow. Stand.

Ferd. Why, Capayne, thou dost know me well enough,

Bow. Know, or not know, without the word you passe  
not.

Ferd. Soliman.

Bow. So, alle, alle, Monsieur.

Ferd. First, tell me, sawest thou Pembroke come this

Bow. I saw him not. (way:

Ferd. Farewell.

Exit.

Bow. As much to you. Zounds, these Frenchmen think  
to out-face vs with a card of ten: but, and his beard were  
made of brasse, Dicke Bowyer will make him know the  
discipline of war. Here comes another.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Who's there? Dick Bowyer?

Bow. Some call me so, what then?

Pem. Pembroke salutes thee.

Bow. Oh, good morrow, my Lord, good morrow.

Pem. I prythee, Capayne, sawst thou Ferdinand,  
Sonne to Nauar, as thou didst walke the round?

Bow. Euen now, my Lord, he past along this way,

Pem. Himself alone? or had he company?

Bow. Nay questionlesse, he was alone, my Lord.

Pem. Couldst

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Pen. Couldst thou discerne his faces how did he looke?

Bow. Faith, scurily, my Lord, like a greene cheeze, or the  
inside of a rotten Pumpian.

Pen. There is Crownes for thee to drinke. *Exits Pen.*

Bow. I thanke your Lordship. To see the difference be-  
tweene these French Curres, and our Englisha Cavaliers :  
there's as much bountie in them, as there's Marchpane in a  
dish of Almond butter. I might haue stood here till my  
teeth chattered in my head, ere the cocher Lunceprisado  
would haue sayd, Here, Captayne Bowyer, there's a Car-  
dicke, to wash downe melancholy. But had I knowne as  
much, I would haue basted him, till his bones had rattled  
in his skin.

*Enter Core and other Soldiers, bringing in the*

*Clowne.*

All. Come, sir, you shall answere your walking before  
our Captayne, you and all the soldierns. *Aung.*

Clow. Well, sirs, take heed what you doe, I am a Princes  
man, if you stay me vpon the Kings hycway, I can lay fel-  
lowship to your charge.

Core. But serra, wee can lay Treason to thine, for being  
without the word.

Clow. Without the word! O pernicious Frenchman!  
without the word! why, I haue call'd thee Villayne, him  
Rascall; this, Slave; that, Rogue; and am I still without  
the word?

Core. I'll ry the word that must serue your turne, the  
Watch-word.

Clow. Fayth, y'are like to watch this twelmemoneth, ere  
you haue any other words at my hands.

Bow. How now masters, what calfe are you dragging to  
the slaughter-house there? ha?

Core. A straggler, and a spy: Captayne, I pray exa-  
mine him.

Bow. So, Lieutenant Core, you are crept from your cups  
at laft, I'll talke with you anon: but, serra, to you: From  
whence come you?

E

Clow. I

# The History of

CLOW. I came, sir, from the King of Flanders' camp;  
BOW. So, what's your name?  
CLOW. My name, sir, is Bow-wow.  
BOW. S'hart, what a name's thash the Hedge-hog macks  
vs: Bow-wow, quo that's what kin art shou to the generagon  
of Dogges?  
CLOW. No dog, sir, weald you should know it, though I  
be encospalt with verros.  
BOW. Zounds, he calls verros, hang the hotch-potch  
up into fathom or two of match.  
CLOW. Not you, sir, I call mot you so: I know you to be a  
very insuffitent ill-spoken Gentleman.

Bow. Well, sirra, whom do you serue?  
Clow. My master, sir, is the Lady Katharine, the French  
Kings daughter: I haue bin abroad about some busynesse of  
hers, and am now going backe againe.

Bor. An honorable Lady, sir; let him goe; tis against the  
law of armes to stay him.

*Clow. Stand off: but soft, I do not know your name, sir,  
that my Lady may give you thanks.*

Bow. My name's Dick Bowyer. Then, master Dick Bowyer, after my heartie.

commendations, &c &c: But as for the rest, I shall, I say no more, I shall — Exit.

Bow; Thou art alwayes dry: the whorson Mault-worm  
has a throat like the burning Clyme, or a Glass-makers  
Furnace: But your remoue from thence has sau'd you  
from the boult. How now, what Water, Spanyell haue  
we haue? Enter Ned.

### **Fere. Tis Lieutenant Nod.**

Nod. Captnq, deride me not: I protest, I came by this  
mischaunce by good seruice, by following a spy, that came  
to discouer our army.

6 NOVEMBER 1966

## the tryall of Chevalry.

Bow. O notable Rogue, I did not I find thee asleep, and  
threw thee into a ditch.

Ned. Was't you? by this light, I tooke you for a spy.

Bow. Yet saw me not, no more then a Molewarp; this is  
an egregious Rogue.

Ned. Yes, I saw you well enough, and I did but try how  
you would use me.

Bow. By this flesh and bloud, many one that lyes in his  
graue, was not halfe so scencelesse: but the Watch breakes  
vp, euery one to his quarter, away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Tis true, they are gone together, and I am sent to  
watch Prince Ferdinand, and the Earle of Pembroke;  
this way they went; but they are got out of sight. I wers  
very bad to be a Hound, that haue no better a sent; if they  
were hares, as they are men, I should think them squatted;  
but hush, here comes one of them.

Enter Ferdinand.

(storme,

Ferd. The mornelookes red: red mornes doe threat a  
That storme shall light on Pembroke or my selfe.  
This is our meeting place; here runnes the stremes  
That parts our camps; the time consorts the place;  
And (Pembroke) if thy reputation hold,  
It is thy q. to enter.

Enter Pembroke.

Clow. Heere comes the other, this is lucke upon lucke:  
now will I run and fetch my mistris, the Lady Katharine,  
to part their fray.

Exeunt.

Pemb. Good end succeed my early heauynesse:  
Threetimes my feet, as loth to guide me hither,  
Haue stumbled in a playng and euery way,  
My sword forsooke his scabberd once or twice,  
Bloud from my nostrilles shrice hath spowted forth,  
And such a dymnesse overrunnes my sight,  
That I haue rare a gree to bee a man,  
And question'd with it about serious things,  
This is the place where I must meet my friend.  
Yonder he stands, Good morrow, Ferdinand.

B 3

Ferd. Good

## The History of

Fer. Good morrow to thy death; draw, Pēbrook, draw,  
The ground thou treadst vpon, must be thy graue.

Pem. Draw vpon Ferdinand!

Fer. I, vpon me.

Dally not, Pēmbrooke, I am bent to fight,  
And that with thee for the best blood thou bearst.

Pem. You haue some reason for this resolution.

Fer. My will.

Pem. A sorry argument to kill your friend.  
I must haue better reason then your will,  
Or ile not draw vpon my Ferdinand:  
Our loue is older then of one dayes growth,  
A yeres continuance hath vnted vs.  
Haue we not made an enterchange of othes,  
Sworne loue to one another twenty times,  
Confirmed that friendship by society,  
Encreasde it with the sympathy of mind,  
Making one pleasure, pleasure vnto both:  
And shall this bond be broken vpon will?

Fer. Then youle not draw?

Pem. Yes, nearer to thy person,  
In friendly sort to imbrace thee, Ferdinand.

Fer. Thou art a coward, and thou darst not fight.

Pem. Thou knowst the contrary: for we haue fought  
At euery weapon, to approue our skill.

Fer. Go to, you are a villayne and a coward,  
And by the roiall bloud that gaue me life,  
Ile kill thee, Pēmbrooke, though thou do not draw.

Pem. Kill me? thou wilt not wrong thine honour so?

Fer. Zounds, but I will: & traitor, take thou that.

Pem. Wound me so desperately: nay then ile draw, him.  
Not to offend, but to defend my selfe.

Now I perceyue it is my bloud thou seekst:  
Witnesse you heauens, and all you gracious powers,  
That stand auspicious to this enterprise,  
That Pēmbrooke drawes forth an vnwilling sword.

Fer. Why so, now manfully defend thy selfe.

Pem. Ane-

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Pem. Another wōud then Pembrook, royschyspirit,  
And beare no longer with this haire-braynd man.  
Yet (Ferdinand) resolute m: of the cause, ~~ill~~ wōuld v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
That moues thee to this vnkind enterpris<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
And if I satisfie thee not in words, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
This double wound shall please thee with my bloud. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Nay, with my sword Ile make a score of wōunds, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Rather then want of bloud diuorse thy lōue. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Fer. I hate thee deadly, and I seekethys life: ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
What other reason, Pembrook, wōuldest thou haue? ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Prepare, prepare, in this conflikt to shew, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Thou art a Knight, and canst o'recome thy foe. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Pem. And if I spare thee not, impute the cause ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
To thine owne rashnes, and iuine aking wōunds. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Fight, and burs<sup>e</sup> eche other, both fall domme

Fer. I hope I haue slayne thee. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Pem. Oh, I feare thy life: how fares my Ferdinand? ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Fer. What, liu<sup>e</sup> st thou yet? then my fare is ill. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Pem. I am markt for death, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
I feele a generall fayntnesse through my lymmes: ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Expence of bloud will soone expend my life.

Fer. The like debility my ioynts doe feele. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Pem. Then we must both dye in the latest of death.  
Tell me, oh tell me, whence proceeds this hate? ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Fer. I feare not (Pemroke) to discouer now,  
Thou wert my Spokes-man vnto Katharine, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
And treacherously thou stol<sup>e</sup> st away her heart. ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
Oh, I can say no more, my spirits doe sayne.  
Pemroke, farewell, I haue reueng'd my wrong.

Pem. Oh, yet a little longer, gracious time,  
Detayne his princely spiri<sup>t</sup> in his brest, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
That I may tell him he is misle-inform'd, ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ~~ill~~ v<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
And purge my selfe vnto my dying friend:  
But death hath layd his num-cold hand vpon me:  
I am arrested to depart this life.  
Deare Ferdinand, although thou be my death,

## The History of

Officer ilo friendly brethe my lastest breath,  
Enter Forrest, the magnifice and valiant

For. How full of pleasure is this Forrest life!  
My Parke I liken to a Common wealth,  
In which, my Bucks and Does are Citizens:  
The Hubbe is Lodge, the Court, from whence is sent  
Sentence of life or death, as please the King:  
Onely our gouernement's a tyraunce,  
In that wee kill our subiects upon sport:  
But stay, what Gentlemen doe heere lyse slayne?  
If any sparcle of life doe yet remayne,  
Ile helpe to fanno it with my mable hande  
The Organ of his artie doth play a pece,  
He is not so far speare, but that with helpe,  
He may recover to his former state.  
How is the other? I doe feele soft breath  
Breake from between his lips. Oly for some ayd,  
To beare them to the forest, to my Lodge  
But as I am, ile try my vtmost strength,  
To saue their liues: first scene, shall be the first:  
Patience and ale returyng and fetch the other. *Exit.*

Enter Fisherman.

Fisher. My angle-rod is brokē my sport is done;  
But I will fetch my net, to catch some fish;  
To hole both fish and pleasure, is too much.  
Oh what contentment liues there in the brooke!  
What pretie traimes are made by curning hands,  
To intrap the silly wary Citizens!  
But what art thou that lyest vpon the ground?  
Sleepst thou? or art thou slaine? hath breath his last?  
No sparcle of life appears; yet from his eye,  
Me thinks I see a glytteming lighē breakethorth,  
Whiche wanting strengē, is like a twilight glimse,  
If there be any hope to saue his life,  
Ile try my vtmost cunning. To my house,  
Peore Gentleman, Ile beare thee as a ghest,  
And cyther cure thy wounds, or make thy graue. *Exit.*

Enter

the tryall of Gheualry.

Enter Forrester, misising the other taken away, speaks thus  
anything, and Forrester doth as follows. T  
is to be done with him, best speed upon him.

Enter Clowes and Katherine.

Clow. Just in this circle I left the two Projects ready to  
draw; for I read the whole discourse of the Combat in  
their red eyes.

Kath. Here lie their weapons and here flowers their  
bloud.

Clow. Have they not slayne one another, and buryed  
themselves?

Kath. Peace, fool, it is to assure that they are slayne.

Clow. O Lord, then let me hympe my selfe into a Ballad,  
and mourne for them.

Kath. Thou angrest me, with iesting at my sorrowes.  
Hence from my sight, my heart is full of griefe, And it will  
break, the burthen is so great.

Clow. Goe from your sight, then let me goe out of your  
company: for I had as lieue leue your sight as your  
company. Is this my reward for watching and wach-  
ing? Oh Mistris, doe not kill me with yhkindnesse; I  
shall, I shall,

Kath. What shall you?

Clow. Weape out mine eyes, and fill the holes with salt

Kath. I prythee leue me, I am not displeasd, (water.  
But fayne would yent my sorrowes from my heart,  
Hold, take my purse, spend that, and leue my presence:  
Go euery where, enquire my Pembroke out:  
And if thou bringst me to his breathlesse truncke,  
I will reward thee with a greble gift.

Clow. Well, I were best bee going, now I am so tayrly  
offred. Mistris, your reward hath stopt my pearses, and enty-  
ticde my legges to be walking. Farewell, I will goe, God  
knowes whither, to seek and to finde both, and neyther.  
Farewell, sweet Mistris.

Kath. O Pembroke, let me kneele vnto thy bloud:  
And yet I know not whether't be thy bloud, for god and I

## The History of

Sauc that thy soule by a diuine instinct,  
Tells me it is the treasure of thy veynes.  
If thou beest dead, thou mirour of all men,  
I vow to dye with thee: this field, this grove  
Shall be my recepacle till my last.  
Content with that that feeds the ayry boute,  
My pillow shall be made a banke of mossie,  
And what I drinke, the fluer brooke shall yeld.  
No other camp nor Court will Katharine haue,  
Till fates do him her a common graue. *Exe.*

*Enter France, Nance, Philip, And others, The  
Bell and trumpet, muses, and attendants.*

*Nan.* Our daughter fled! whic? whither? which way? how?  
*The.* I know not.  
*Phi.* Bellamira, my liues boy,  
Upon those pinayons that support her flight,  
Houers my heart, you bear away my soule.  
Turke, turke agayne, and giuethis earthly frame  
Essentiall power, which for thine absence dyes:  
Thou art the sweet of sweets, the ioy of joyes.  
For thee was Philip borne. O turke agayne,  
And Philip is the blessedest of men.

*Lew.* We are glad she's gone, though we dissemble it.  
Sonne, bridle this affection, cease these laments,  
Shee did not value them.

*Nan.* Lewes, she did,  
Till sauage hate that shape disfigured.

*Phi.* O, she was worthy to be Queene of heauen.  
Her beauty, e're it suffered violence,  
Was like the Sunne in his Meridian Throne,  
Too splendant for weake eyes to gaze vpon,  
Shee was too bright before, till being hid  
Vnder that eniuious cloud, it tooke the place  
Of a darke ground, to shew a louelyer face,  
That Leprosie in her seemed perfect beauty:

*And*

the tryall of Chivalry.

And she did gild her armes with a golden boord  
With vertue, which no toughe armes can breake  
Could ever toxic, like vertues dyes, be such,  
That malice cannot stayne, nor any tuch.  
Then say not but her worth impones these woes.

Nay, she givēd to yōu your hated bed,  
And therefore followed Burbon for revenge.

Phil. Burbone who names him, the fōrm verball sound  
Is like a thunderclap to Philips erce,  
Frighting my very soule. Sure, you said, Burbon,  
And to that predegis you ioynd revenge:  
Reuenge, that like a shadow followes him,  
'Twas he that made me bankrupt of all blisse,  
Sude the distoce of that pale whise and red,  
Which deckt my Bellamirae louely cheeke:  
And shall he scape vnpunisht?

Lew. Lay on your hands, and in your handes  
And all with vs swēare vengeance on the Duke.

Phil. Not for the world; who prosecutes his hate  
On Burbon, injures me: I am his foe,  
And none but I will worke his overthrow.

Lew. What meaneſt our ſonne?

Phil. To hunt him for reuenge,  
The darkeſt angle of this vniuerſe,  
Shall not contayne him through the bounded world:  
Hee prosecutes his flight with coadett steps,  
And when long trauell makes them dull or fayat,  
Bayting them fresh with Bellamirae wronge,  
Like Eagles they ſhall cut the flaxen ayre,  
And in an instant bring me where he is.

Lew. Where goes our ſonne?

Phil. To hell, ſo that in that kingdome,  
Fate would affayne me to meet with Burbon,  
Where euer I confronthe him, ſhe ſhall kill him.

Nay. Thou ſhalt haue ayd to compasse thy reuenge.

Phil. No ayd, but this ſtrong arme. Farewell, farewell,  
Since Bellamira hath forſooke her friend.

# The History of

I seeke destruction (Burton) and the endea  
Lew. Stay him his fury will betray thy life.  
Now. Poore king madewretched by thy daughter's blisse  
Lew. Poore king madewretched by thy despetat sonne

Mess'. Spēd not your woes too fast; but save some tears  
To dew the obsequies of your dead sonne, 310303; but  
Above all that, send him a good swound and a long

Ms. Hce's slaine by Donatello, And Penbrooke by bouchesby. Ferdinand. Their quarrell is vnciuill hands abowt away, And no inquiry can discouer them, in the mids of the world.

**Nan.** Our sonne staines Bellarpeis payfondis, hant abus  
Nauarre, teare off these baynes, and razeing thei, that don't

Enter Roderick in his状 as equal to all difficulties.

## Low, More Tragedies at hand, ~~which~~ ~~now~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~living~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Rede-~~

Red. Such as will make the heavers, sende these whinckes.  
Why do thy highnes in your fotasents tents  
Reuell away the time, and yeld your person,  
To the knowne malice of your enemies,  
Whilst in your owne tents, rapine and soule lust,  
Graspes your fayre daughter to dishonour her.

**Low. Our daughter?** *she runs aside to sign to the audience*

Rod. She is filly stolne from thence,  
Yet none knowes whiche her saue one Septimel,  
Who doth report he heareth a wretched lady  
Exclaime, fasse Ferdinand would ravish her madragons.

Lew. That was my child dishonor'd by thy sonne.

Now, You wrong him, Bratice.

Lew. Thou hast betrayd vs, king,  
And traynd vs to a loathed festinall,  
The mariage of thy staynd and leprous child,  
Whilst in our absence, Fie, fadime and vnjust,  
Hath staind our daughters, beautie with vild looff.

Flann, If you rememb're, he & English Pembroke  
Last day forsooke your Campe, as distonc'te.

Low. That

## the tryall of Cheuallry.

Lew. That preou'd their joyces were faynd, and of set me  
He came to view our Camps, how he myght act  
That deed of obloquy, and scape withlye to  
the tryall.

Nan. The Fraunce hath don the wronge you hanest  
This deed of death on Pembroke doth conserue  
And now to couer it, suggest and tayne your selfe  
Our guddelese I ban a guilty rauisher  
but render me their bodies.

Lew. Where's our selfe? Is my guddelese  
Nan. Secke he is adoe to sayng and sayng no knyght leste  
Lew. Secke Ferdinand, plaid to me of guddelese  
Nan. Fraunce. . And when shal we  
Lew. Petty King, my selfe haue much redyng  
For this our wronge, looks to be vaderling.

Nan. What Drum is this? I guddelese to sayng  
Lew. Are we intrapt, Nanare? quibled on this  
Rod. Feare not, on yonder hill, whose losy heade leste  
Orelookes the ynder-valleyes, Retyall Bourbon, a knyght  
Attended by ten thousande Souldiers, ready on the yonder hill  
Cravens peace and farr accord with mighty Fraunce, of both.

Nan. Bourbon, that was the ruyne of my Child?  
Summon our forces thight and charge the slayd.

Fran. In Burbons rescue draw our forces vp.  
Nan. What engaage the king of Fraunce to sayng  
Rod. To ioyne with him upon stote hioys, foyghts and gales  
Nan. What with a Traytor and a murderer, say, and  
Lew. He did a deale of mortall hauing, but  
Poysoned the Sister of a knyght, yb hys son of a knyght  
A knyght, an incestuous Traitor, yb a knyght  
And our poore Child the wronged Philomel, a knyght  
A rayne our Battailles straigthe, and soye with Bourbon, and

Nan. Hearre what we'lle orge, with you in trouthe  
Lew. Speake then in warre and death, and blood, and  
In other termes, without rage will spend no breath.

Nan. And we will speake so boordy whichever it selfe doth  
Shall echo with the clang of both our childrens blid blid  
Weele rauishous remembrance, and aduantage.

## The History of Fraunce

No other thought, but how to plague proud Fraunce,  
Conioyne with Barbon, & rethre Sunnes shall see,  
In the vast Kingdome of Organye:  
In a picht field wee shall meet the King of Fraunce,  
And that false Traytor Duke.

Lew. Nauar, thou darst hog a flagge, & stond on a work bane.

Nau. Now by Saynt Denys, and our Grandfires tombe,  
Weele meet thee.

Lew. Welcome. O, bring valiant men, & weel think on nought but graues & tobs till then. Exeunt.

Rod. Ha, ha: I laugh to see these thinges acture.  
Now ciuill discord like a raging floud,  
Swelling aboue her banks, shall drowne this lande,  
Whilst Rodorick on her swimes buildes his hope.  
The King of Fraunce through my suggestion  
Thinks Kathariac his daughtere spied, & who  
Who onely wylde wylkome, is stid the Campeone  
Pembroke and Ferdinand, in small strife,  
Slayne by eche other, doth confirme my words,  
And for swynges whetpikes on the two Kings swords. Exiit.

Enter Pembrooke armes, abiding. For my frere comynge.

Pem. I thak thee, Ferrifor, whose rough grownd walks,  
Wild in aspect, afford more courtesye, then a yarde of heare.  
Then place, for to be fayre chayre, & a dñe bise. Exeunt.  
My life redempcione thy handes have taken, & his aye,  
Remaynes in loue and dutie bounde to cheste. Exeunt.

For. Fayre Knight, preuention of fed death by handes,  
More ioyes my soule, then thanks of rich reward.  
But is god in minour aspekte? I am well. I eschew no day.

Pem. I never in my life was better fayre.  
This should be thacrylucky fayll place,  
Where causallate drew bloud from Ferdinand.  
Behold the graffe, a purple myghter, & a new bane.  
Still blushed in remembrance of our fighte. And on his herte  
Why wyls not cheste to cheste, herbe and plantes? Exeunt.

And

the tryall of Cheuahy.

And every neighbour branch drop out their greef?  
Poore soules, they do, and haue wept our their eyen,  
Yet I haue paid no dutie to my friend.  
Where is the Tombe I wold you to crete?

Ferr. See, valiant knight, proportionall and set vp,  
As well as my poore selfe wold suffer me:  
And here his picture hangs.

Pemb. You haue done well:  
Your hand I see'st a perfect Architect  
In sorrowes building: once more I suffice  
I quite your painfull travell but with thanks:  
Now leaue me to my selfe, for here I vow  
To spend the remnant of my haples dayes:  
No knight nor Prince shall euer passe this way,  
Before his tongue acknowledg Ferrers wrong:  
The faythfull louer and the louing friend  
The world contaynes: he haue his Sepulcher  
As yet but naked and vngarnished,  
E're many dayes haue richer with the spoyles  
And vanquish't Troye eyes of proud passengers,  
Then was the Romaines wealthy Capitoll:  
So, gentle Forrester, bequeath thy prayers  
In my assistance; that is all I crave.

Ferr. The God of power giue power vnto your  
That you may prove victorious fortunate.

Pemb. Farewel, kind Host: as now let me embrase  
This empty Monument of my lost friend.  
Oh! wer't so happy to enshrine his bones,  
How blest should Pembroke bee but they are borne  
By the fierce iudge Wolfe, whose sickly lawe  
Is made an vnfitt graue to bury him  
But if (without offence) I may deuise it,  
I wish his soule from Paradise may see,  
How well his name is kept in memorie:  
These eyes that saw him bleed, haue wept for him:  
This heart deuise his harme, hath sigh'd for him:  
And now, this hand, that with vngentle force

The History of

Depry'd his life, shall with repentant service,  
Make treble satisfaction to his soule.  
Fortune, thou dost me wrong, to suffer me  
So long vnc combated; I prythee send me  
Some stubborne Knight, to be my passenger,  
Whose stout conteruering stomache will refuse  
To yeld to my prescription, but by force.  
I hate this idle rest of precious time.

How now! derid' st thou my devision, goddesse? Enter  
Thou sendst a woman to encounter me, a blud'ry  
Henceforth Ile hold thee for a fayned name,  
And no disposer of my Christian hopes:  
But soft, I know that face; oh! I pris the  
Was vniust cause of all this misery.

*Katb.* Long haue I wondred yonger mind,  
To find my Pembrook: shal they souer, I heare  
That they were wounded both to deach, I heare:  
But whether cur'de or dead, I cannot heare:  
Nor liues there any (if deccalde) can tell,  
Within what place their bodies are interr'd.  
Since therefore all my travell is in rayne,  
Here will I take a truce with former care.  
This cursed nooke was that vnlucky plot,  
Where cursed Ferdinand did kill my Lope.

What Knight is this? Ie questione him, perhaps  
He can reloue me wherc my Pembrook is,  
Joy and good fortune, sir, attend your state.

*Pew.* Your wishes come too late.  
*VVhat* seeke you, Madam?

*Katb.* Tel me, sir knight, for so you seeme to be:  
Know you this dalmall place you do frequent?  
Or haue you heard of that unhappy fight  
VVas here perform'd by Pembrook and his foie?

*Pew.* Yes, Madam, I haue heard of it long since,  
And, to my griefe, knew both the Gentlemen.

*Katb.* But can you tell me if they liue or nof  
Or dead, what hand hath giuen them buryall?

*Pew.* Rest

## the tryall of Chivalry.

Pens. Rest you assured, Madam, they are dead;  
The one of them to whiche I was allyed;  
And nearely lost my friendship from my youth,  
By me lyes blotted meete a braver Knight,  
And truer Lover neuer breath'd for Franchise,  
Kath. Ocellus, is it Pembroke? if so, I am glad to see him.  
You haue caused this payre amouement, and justly also.  
Perpetuall honour I will fesse your state.

Pens. Not onlye Madam, hab'e I built this tombe  
In his memorall; but my selfe haue sworne  
Continuall residence within this Wood:  
And for the love I bore him, weare these armes,  
That whatsoeuer Knight, aduenturer or other,  
Making his iourney this way, and refuling  
To do Knights homage to my breathless friend,  
By this assayling steele may be compell'd.

Kath. Oh, let me know your name, so kindly mou'd,  
To dignifie my Pembroke's high deserts.

Pens. You did not heare me say twas Pembroke, Madam;  
What is become of him, I doe not know,  
Nor greatly care, since he did wrong my friend,  
And first inkindled this dissensious brawle.  
This buried here, is noble Ferdinand,  
His fathers comfort, and his Countrey's hope.  
Oh Madam! had you seen him as I did,  
Begirt with wounds, that like so many mouthes,  
Seem'd to complyne his triuall overthrow:  
And had before bin inwar'd with his vertues,  
To thinke that nature shold not breake such wacks,  
And at one time so many pretious gifts  
Perish by death, would haue disord'rd your heart.  
He was the very pride of fortitude,  
The house of vertue, and true friendships mirror.  
Looke on his picture, in the armes of death,  
When he was ready to give vp the ghost,  
I causde it to be drawnne: if at that time,  
In that extremity of bitter pangs,

## The History of

He looks so louely, had so fayre a colour,  
So quick a moving eye, so red a lippe of mera to the sunne,  
What was his beaute when he was in health?  
See with what courage he indeu' d the combate,  
Smiling at death for all his tyranny,  
Had death bin enghis but what he was, he had leach'd an X  
He would haue bin charmed'd, with his looks.

Kath. A certayn softnesse will I now on him reuele,  
Creeps to my heart, perforce me haue to come,  
Louing, and vertuous: but my selfe ynkene,  
Coyly to scorne the proffer of his mind.

Pem. O that in Justice of her former hate,  
She now would hopelesse doaste on Ferdinand!  
He do the best I can to bring her on,  
Despaire and madnesse, fetch her off againe,  
Madam, how say you? wast not a gracious ching,  
So rich a leane, should lye rak't vp in dust?  
So sweet a flower, be withered in his prison?

Kath. Death was a villayne for attempting it,  
And so was Pembroke for effecting it.  
No bloody scything, or inhumaunce, Turke,  
But would ha trembled to ha toucht his skin,  
Or spilt one drop of his Hereditie bloud.

Pem. Had not that Lady then an yron heart,  
A rude ingratefull mind? a faydge spirite,  
That knew this wertuous honourable Knight,  
This gracious shape, and yomatcht excellense,  
To be intangled with her ferre ye lowe,  
To serue her in all loyalty of heare,  
To reverence and adore her very name,  
To be contente no kisst the lowly earth,  
Where she did set her spes; and when he sued  
For grace, so scorne him, so deride his sighes, to shud off  
And hold his teame and comen in contempt,  
Of all that euer liv'd deforud shame,  
The worlds reproch, and times perpetuall blode.

Kath. Heard you him ever speake of such a one?

Pem. Oft

the tryall of Chevalry.

Pem. Oft times: but thickly then, when he perceynd,  
His hert was moreall, and no way but death,  
At every groane, he cald vpon her name,  
As if that found were present remedy,  
And when insulting death drew short his breath,  
And now was ready to close vp his eyes:  
Farewell, quoth he, where e're I find a shino,  
My soule fly thou to beautious Katharine.

Kat. That ruthlesse mind, that iron sauage heart,  
So greatly loued, and so little loving,  
Breathes in this brest, 'twas I returnd disdaine,  
For deepe affection, scorne for loyalty:  
And now compassionlesse shall pine my selfe,  
Oh Ferdinand, forgiue me, Ferdinand:  
Inioyne me any penance for that wrong,  
Say I shall tread a tedious pilgrimage  
To furthest Palestine, and I will do it,  
But peace, fond womā, these exclaims are vaine:  
Thy Ferdinand is dead and cannot heare,  
As thou wast somtimes deafe, and wouldest not heare.

Pemb. A iust reward. Come, Madam, haue you done?  
Giue me the picture I may hang it vp.

Kat. O take it not away: since I haue lost  
The substance, suffer me to keepe the shaddow:  
Me thinks, so long as this is in my hand,  
I claspe my Ferdinand betweene mine armes:  
So long as I behold this lively forme,  
So long am I refreshed by his smiles:  
So long, me thinks, I heare him speake to me.  
Knew I the Paynter drew this counterfeyt,  
I would reward him with a mynt of gold.

Pem. If such a pleasure you receyue by this,  
I tell you, Madam, I shall shortly haue  
His whole proportion cut in Alabaster,  
Armed as he was when he encountered here,  
Which kneeling shall be set vpon his tombe.

Kat. On that condition I will gather flowers,

G

And

## The History of

And once a day come straw them at his feet :  
And once a day pay tribute of choyce thanks,  
To you the furtherer of my happidesse :  
Till then, I place the picture where it was.

Enter Clowne, and Bellamira.

Clow. Come on, Madam, methinks now a maske would do well; but I perceyue your drift, I smell your policy, you think a bald face hath no need of a black mask, Shall I tel you what you looke like? A broyl'd herring, or a tortur'de Image made of playster worke.

Bel. So, serra, you may scoffe my misery.

Pem. Still haunted with these women? are men vanishe? Or what occasion leaues the Realme of Fraunce,  
So voyd and empty of aduenturous Knights?

Clow. Out of peraduenture, Madam, the ghost of Saint George is come out of England, to see what hospitality S. Denis keeps in Fraunce.

Pem. Poore Bellamira, I lament thy state;  
But I must still suppressle my discontent,  
What are you so deformd with lothsome spots?  
And what that Anticke keeps you company?

Clow. Anticke! thou lyest, and thou wert a Knight of ginger-bread: I am no Anticke, the whole parish where I was borne will swarc, that since the raigne of Charlemain there was not a better face bred or brought vp amongst them.

Pem. Away, ye russeting.  
Kath. Haue patience, Knight, how euer thou art deform'd,  
This Lady is the daughter of Nauar.  
Madam, it ioyes me I haue met you heere,  
Though much lamentes me of your heauy plighe.  
There needs no repetition of your wrong:  
I know, the villayne Burbon did the deede,  
Whom my incensed brother will reuenge.

Bel. For Philips sake I haue bin martyrd thus,  
And for his sake left King and Courtly life,  
To entartayne a Pilgrym's painfull habie,  
But on what strange aduenture stayes this Knight?

Within

the triall of Cheualry.

Within this desolate forsaken wood?

*Kat.* For loue of Ferdinand your princely brother,  
Whose Hearse he gards in honorable Armes.

*Bel.* Is this my brothers Hearse? is this the place,  
Where I was shipwrackt of a brothers name?  
Oh, let me spend a louing sigh for him,  
And sacrifice a sisters holy rites:  
For euer rest, sweet Ferdinand, in peace,  
Vntill thy body glorified from heauen,  
Become immortall by thy soules returne,  
*Pcm.* Poore Bellamira, how I pity thee!  
Yet must forbeare to comfort thy distresse.

*Clow.* Is my yong Lord buried here? I say no more, but  
I pray God send him a ioyfull insurrection.

*Kath.* Inough, sweet Bellamira,  
These leprosous spots, tis time they were remou'd.  
Come, goe with me. Since I left Aquitayne,  
And came acquaynted with these private walkes,  
It was my happy chance to meet an Hermit,  
Whose skill in Phisike warrants present cure,  
And pure refining of your poysoned bloud:  
Ile bring you thither: afterward select  
Delicious sweets, to decke your brothers tombe.

Come, serra, follow vs. *Exeunt.*

*Clow.* Doe not think, Madam, that ile forsake you. And  
so, sir, you that walk in pewter vessayle, like one of the wor-  
thyes, will you be rul'd by me?

*Pcm.* Wherin?

(first. Exit.

*Clow.* To set a gyn for Woodcocks, & catch your selfe

*Pcm.* Hence, beetle-head. And Pembrook, now bethink  
How great a gyde of miseries breakes in.  
First, thou art taxed with the losse of him,  
Whom equall with thy selfe thou holdest deare:  
Next, Bellamira is become a Leper,  
Whose absence Philip carefully laments:  
Then trecherous Bourbon joynes himselfe with Fraunce,  
And both the Kings are angerly incent.

## The History of

But last, which is some comfort to the rest,  
Disdaynfull Katharine wastes with fruitless loue,  
Would all so minded like mishap might proue.  
But by this signall there are Knights at hand,  
I must prouide their valours to withstand.

Enter Fraunce, Barbon, Rodoricke, Peter de Lyons,  
at one dore: at the other, Navar, Flannders,  
Dicke Bowyer, and Souldiers, Pembroke  
betweene them.

Pem. Stay your intended march.

Lew. What Peere of Fraunce,  
Or in the world so haughty rebolte,  
Dare breathe the word of stay to mighty Fraunce?

Na. Or what art thou presum'd to stay my course?

Pem. A Knight I am, and to aduentures bound:  
This monument erected for my friend,  
By me is garded: If you meane to passe,  
You must doe homage, or else fight with me.

Lew. Homage of me! Know I am King of France,  
And in subiection to no earthly power.

Na. Thou knowst not what thou sayst, to challenge vs,  
Of any such inferiour priuiledge.  
What homage is it thou requir'st of vs?

Pem. First, to acknowledge him lyes buryed here,  
The faythfulst Louer, and most valyant Knight,  
That in this time drew sword, or manag'd horse.

Bow. And what was he? A scapart, or your Countrey-  
man Gargantua, that stufte every button of his coate with  
a load of hay? Shart, we haue met a fellow; here's all  
mouth, hee speakes nothing but Moltiarch. Doest thou  
heare, King? give me leaue to incouner this packfist: and  
if I doe not make him cry Peccau, say Dicke Bowyer's a  
powdred Mackrell.

Pet. My bloud beginnes to boyle, I could be pleaseid,

To

## the tryall of Cheualry.

To haue this fellow by the eares, but that  
Theres many of my betters heere in place.

*Fland.* King of Nauarte, let Flanders cope with him.

*Burb.* I imperiall France, giue Burbon leaue to try  
The hazzard of a combat with this Boaster.

*Pem.* Dispatch, Nauarte, one of you come foorth,  
To enterchange a warlike blow or two.

*Lew.* First let vs know what penaleyn thou settest  
Vpon thy selfe, if thou be vanquished.

*Pem.* A recantation of my former wordes,  
A seruitude to him that conqueres me:  
But who so euer is by me subdued,  
Must leaue his shield to beautifie this shrie.

*Bur.* Let not Nauar, my Lord, rob vs of honor:  
Say, Burbon first shall break a Launce with him.

*Rod.* A scribe that priuiledge, my Lord, to mee:  
And Rodorick will haue death, or victory.

*Lew.* No, noble Rodorick, Burbon shall begin,  
And as he speedes, we will implore your power.

*Pem.* Provide thee, Burbon, Ile not fauour thee.

*Bur.* Be sure he shew thee like hostility.

*Lew.* Hold, the aduantage is on thy side,  
The Duke of Burbon shal hang vp his shield.

*Pem.* I de rather haue his life, then al your shields:  
Who is next? (Shields)

*Bow.* Zounds, I think he has a pattern to take vp all the  
ith Countrey, hang mee if thou wantst worke, heeres for  
Nauar, the earle of Pembrok & Cavaliero Bowiers: *(Fight)*  
A thousand pound to a Taylors bodkin, this fellow has a  
Familiar: but howsoeuer, thou mayst thank my lame legge:  
theres my shield.

*Lew.* Now Rodorick, bereake you to your taske. *(Fight)*

*Rod.* My fortune's answerable to the rest.

*Lew.* Since all miscarrie, Fraunce will put his chaunce

Upon the hazzard of the Dice for once.

*Pem.* You are an Honorable foe, my Lord: *(Fight)*

By law of Armes, you must hang vp your shield.

## The History of Fraunce

Lew. I yeld to day and shew approued ysalmer. King of Nauar, will onely you fit out to vnto me and

Nau. No, king of Fraunce, my bloud's as hot as thine, And this my weapon shall confirme my words, (Fights.

Bow, Nauar down too! Sharpe, this fellow hath the tricke If he be not a witch or some Deuill, let me be (of it: Slickt into a Carbinado.

Nau. Thou sonne of Chiualrie, let me now increase, To know his name, for whome thou reapst this honor: Or what he was, whose bodie's beers interred?

Pem. A valiant Knight, his name, yong Ferdinand, Slayne by misfortune of a friendly hand.

Nau. Is it my sonne thou mak'st thy valours prise, And striu'lt so to eternize wistly sword? Let me imbrace thee. Not alone my shield, But I will leaue my heart vpon his shrine. My dearest Ferdinand, I would my sighes, Or sad lamenting teares might haue the power, Like Balme to quicken thy benummed ioynts, Then would I drowne this marble e're I went, And heat it hote with vapour of my breath.

Lew. Nauar, this now may testify thy wrong, In false accusing me for his remoue.

Nau. Thou maist be guilty stil for ought I know; For though I find him dead, I find not yet The Tragick maner of his haples end; Thou mayst as well haue murdere Ferdinand, As fauour him hath paysond Bellamira.

Lew. Iniurious king, it was base Ferdinand, On whom iust heauens haue shoun iust vengeance heere, Rauishit my Katharine and conuayed her hence, Where I shall never more behold her face.

Nau. Tis false, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords,

Lew. Tis true, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords.

Pem. By heauen, the young prophane the sacred name of Ferdinand with any villany,

He

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Ile cut it out, or stop his thiroate with bloud,  
And so daie in his blasphemous vpbraydes.

*Nau.* Content thee, knight, Ile ease thee of that labor.  
To morrow is expir'd the time of truce.  
Fraunce, on with thy Battalions to the plaine  
Thou wast prepar'd before to pitch vpon,  
Ile meet thee there.

*Lew.* And I will meet with thee.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets: honord knight, farewell:  
Who shal suruiue next morn, strāge newes shal tel. *Exeunt.*

*Pem.* Thus heady rage, blind in her rash resolute  
Drew Ferdinand and mee into the field,  
As now it doth these hot incensed kings.  
Wer't not my vowes prohibit my desire,  
To stay the inconuenience of this fight,  
I would discouer where their Daughters are,  
To shew the error they are throuded in:  
But Time hath run a desperate course with mee,  
And desperate let them runne to misery:  
Here comes a Straggler of their Army, Stand.

*The Enter Philip.*

*Phil.* What voice is that presumes to byd me stand?

*Pem.* His that can force thee, if thou wilt not stand.

*Phil.* By this bright ayre reflecheth on my sword,  
If the whole Army of Navar had faid duob[us] i[n] g[ra]u[n]t[us]  
As much to Philip, yet he would not stand.  
And thou but ofie, how darst thou profer it,  
Knowing how Sharpe Spurre doth pricke me on,  
The death of Bourbon for my Bellamire?

*Pem.* Hang vp thy shield, as other knights haue done,  
Upon the Hearse of noble Ferdinand,  
And thou mayest freely passe without controul.

*Phil.* The Hearse of Ferdinand! I honor him,  
He was the brother of my dearest Loue,  
What's this I see? my fathers battered shield!  
The shield of Fraunce, of Flaunders! Bourbon stoo!

## *The History of*

It can not then impeach or prejudice  
The name of Philip, to consort with such,  
Especially being done for Ferdinand.  
There is my shield: and Knight, but for my haste,  
I would expostulate of other things:  
But after traytous Bourbon I haue slayne,  
Knight, looke for me, Ile visit thee agayne.  
Now Rodorick, keepe thy word, and I am blest:  
But if thou fayle, Ile forward with the rest. *Exit.*

*Pem.* Successfull action sit vpon thy swords  
This net of sorrowes, I perceyue, intangles  
Not only Pembroke, but the Court of France,  
Nauar and his associates are all toucht,  
Time looke vpon vs, and at last determine,  
This heart-dissuering tumults with a peace.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* Since, Ferdinand, by gracious prouidence,  
Thou art recovered of thy mortall wounds,  
With the new life thy body is reviude,  
Reviue the ancient passions of thy mind,  
Think on thy friend, on Pembroke take remorse,  
Whose honord life, thy hasty hand cut off:  
This is the place, as I remember mee,  
Whats heere? a Tombe? who hath preuented me  
In my religious duty to my friend?  
You, Knight, I doubt not, can resolute me.

*Pem.* What art thou? stand.

*Ferd.* A Knight, and fayne would know,  
What sacred monument and Tombe this is?

*Pem.* His, whilist he liu'd, that of the worlds increase,  
Was the most loyall friend, and valiant Knight;  
Which thou must likewise ratifie with me,  
And hang thy shield vp to adorne his Hearse,  
Or venture Combate for denying it.

*Ferd.* His name, I pray thee.

*Pem.* Ferdinand.

*Ferd.* What's he acquainted with my name? belike some  
Lou'd

## the tryall of Cheualry.

Lou'd Pembroke, and supposing (wrongfully)  
Me slaine by him, to satifie for that,  
Obserues this honor in my memory:  
Be not thou Ferdinand ingratefull then,  
But stand for Pembroke, as this knight for thee.

Pem. What answe're giuest thou? shal I homage haue?

Fer. Not for his sake thou nam'st, not for Ferdinand:  
There liu'd a knight exceld his petty fame,  
As farre as costly Pearle the courtest Pebble:  
An English knight cal'd Pembroke, were his bones  
Interred heere, I would confesse of him  
Much more then thou requir'st, and be content  
To hang both shield and lword vpon his Hearse.

Pem. How comes this stranger by my name? Be like  
He was affected vnto Ferdinand:  
And for his sake (hearing he did me wrong)  
Courts to make amends, or meanes to prooue  
If I imbrace him with vnfayned loue,  
He shall not doubt of that, once more I say,  
'Twas Ferdinand was the renowned Knight  
Of all the world.

Fer. But I deny that saying,  
Giuing to Pembroke that preeminence.

Pem. For Ferdinand my valour will I try.

Fer. In Pembrooks valour I will fight and die.

*Discover eche other in fighting.*

Pem. Eyther I dreame, or this is Ferdinand.

Fer. My sight deludes me, or stout Pembroke lyues.

Pem. Thrice happy honord, I do imbrace my friend.

Fer. Welcome, oh welcome Pembroke, to myne armes,  
Whom I imagined, death had tane from me.

Pem. The like did I by Princely Ferdinand:  
But that he liues, my loue confounds with ioy.

Fer. Tell me, deare friend, since our vnlucky fight,  
Haue you heard ought of my disdainfull Loue?

Pem. Of her and all the rest! Her father liues:  
This is his shield, and this is great Navars:

H

This

## The History of

This Rodoricks, the Duke of Orleance,  
And this malicious Burbons: all the which  
I forc't from them, to beautifie thy shrine.  
But tis of Katharine thou desir'st to heare:  
She likewise hath bin here; her flinty heart,  
So much before inclind to cruelty,  
Now waxeth tender: she no sooner saw  
Thy picture here; but by heauens prouidence,  
Or how I know not, she so doats on it,  
As I supposde she would a dyed for loue.

*Fer.* Has then my shaddow and supposed death  
Brought that to passe my living substance could not?

*Pem.* It hath, and never Lady more enamour'd,  
Then now is Katharine of her Ferdinand.  
I told her, and no more then truth I told,  
A cunning Cartier had cut out thy shape  
And whole proportion in white Alabaster,  
Which I intended here should be set vp.  
She earnestly entreated she might haue  
A sight of it, and dayly be permitted  
To deck thy tombe and statue with sweet flowers.  
Shee's but euен now departed to that end,  
And will (I know) be quickly here agayne.  
Now for assurance I dissemble not,  
Instead of thy resemblance cut in stone,  
Keele here thy selfe, and heare her pitious mone.

*Fer.* Content, I hold your counsell for the best:  
Weele once conclude our sorrowes with a iesse.

*Pem.* Soft, there's a cushē: nay, you must be bare,  
And hold your hands vp, as the maner is.

*Fer.* What if I held a booke, as if I prayed?

*Pem.* Twere best of all; and now I think vpon't,  
Here is a booke: so, keepe your countenance,  
You must imagine now you are transform'd.  
Yonder she comes, in any case stir not.

*Enter Katharine.*

*Kath.* I feare I haue detracted time too long,

In

*the tryall of Cheualry.*

In my determinide seruice to my Loue:  
But Ile redeeme my fault with double care,  
See where his statuē is set vp: kind Knight,  
For euer Katharine will record thy truth.

*Pem.* How lay you, Madam, ist not very like him?  
*Kath.* As like, as it were himselfe indeed.

And would to God my prayers might be heard,  
That as the Image of Pigmalion once,  
Life might delcend into this scacleſſe ſtone:  
But that was faynd, as my deſire is fond,  
Relentleſſe death withholds my Ferdinand;  
And no intreaty may recouer him.

In token then I doe repente my Icorne,  
That I was cruell to ſo kind a friend,  
Thou the preſenter of his abſent perſon,  
Receiue thele ſweets, thy temples be adornd  
With this fresh garland; thy white Iuory hand  
Boaſt of this King, which if thou wert aliue,  
Should bind our taythes vp in a nuptiall knot:  
But for thou canſt not be reuiu'd agayne,  
Ile dwell with thee in death: and as my ſpirit  
Mounts to the happy manſion of thy ſpirit:  
So to accompany thy ſhadow here,  
Ile turne my body to a ſhadow too;  
And kneeling thus, conront thy ſilent lookes,  
With my ſad looks: this is the Inſtrument.  
Now Ferdinand, behold thy Katharine comes.

*Fer.* And ſhe is welcome vnto Ferdinand.

*Pem.* Ile play the clark for both, and ſay Amen.  
Nay, muſc not, Madam, tis no ſenceleſſe Image,  
But the true eſſence of your wiſhed Loue.

*Kath.* I am aſham'd to locke him in the face.

*Fer.* Hide not thofe ſplendāt lights, hereafter be  
A conſtant wife, it ſhall ſuffice for me.

*Kat.* Heauen caſt her off, if Katharine proue not ſo.

*Pem.* Of that no more: now let vs haſte from hence,  
To quiet the diſcenſion lately ſprung

## The History of

Betwene your parents, Philip likewise gone,  
To be reueng'd on Burbons trechery,  
Perhaps may stand in need of friendly ayd:  
To him and them our vowes must next be payd.  
*For What Pembrook counsels, we cōsent ynto. Exeunt,*

*Enter Rodoricke and Philip.*

*Rod.* Now whilst our Armies wearied with the heat  
That the bright sunne casts from his midday throne,  
Abstayne from bloudy entercourse of warre,  
Ile lead thee Philip vnto Burbons Tent.

*Phil.* Rodoricke, thou highly tauourest me in this,  
And doubt not, if my complot take effect,  
Ile make thee Duke of Burbon.

*Enter Lewes, Flaunders, and Burbon.*

*Rod.* Stay your speach, heere comes king Lewis.

*Phil.* They can not know me, I am so disguisde.

*Burb.* Follow my counsayle, and immediatly begin the  
*Lew.* Why, the heat's great, (Battayle.

It burnes in our Armour as we march.

*Flan.* It burnes the enemy as well as wee.

*Bur.* It warmes our Souldiers spirits & makes them fire:  
I had rather dye, then when my bloud is hot,  
Be awde by counsell, till it freeze like Ice:  
He is no Souldier, that for feare of heat,  
Will suffer victory to fly the field.

*Rod.* My Lord of Burbon, ye are more hot then wise.

*Bur.* Rodorick, me thinkes you are very peremptory.

*Rod.* It is in zeale of the generall good:  
Goto your Tent, refresh your vnscorcht lymmes:  
There draw your battels modell: and as soone  
As the coole winds haue fand the burning Sunne,  
And made it tractable for trauaylers:  
Arme you, and mount vpon your barbed Steed,

*Lead*

## the tryall of Chevalry.

Lead foorth your Souldiers, and in good array,  
Charge brauely on the Army of our foe.

Lew. The Duke of Orleance hath counseld well,  
Ile in and recreate me in my Tent.  
Farewell, my Lord, when you resolute to fight,  
Proclayme your meaning by a Canons mouth,  
And with a volley I will answere you. *Exis Lewes.*

Bur. If you will needs retyre, farewell my Lord.  
Ha Rodoricke, are not we fine Polyticians,  
That haue so quaintly wrought the King of Fraunce  
Vnto our faction, that he threatens warre,  
Against the almost reconcilde Nauar?

Rod. But this is nothing to the actes weele do:  
Come, come, my Lord, you trifletime with words:  
Sit downe, sit downe, and make your warlike plot,  
But wherfore stand these murdrous Glaues so nye?

Phil. Touch them not, Rodorick, prynthee let them stand,  
Bur. Some paper, pen, and incke. *Enter Peter.*

Peter. My Lord.

Bur. Post to the Master Gunner,  
And bid him plant his demy culuerings  
Agaynt the kings pavilion.

Peter. Presently.

Bur. But first, bring pen and incke and paper straight:  
Rodoricke, thou shalt alsist mee in this plot.

Rod. Do it your selfe, my Lord, I haue a charge  
Of Souldiers, that are very mutinous,  
And long I dare not stay, for feare my absence  
Be cause of their revolt vnto Nauar.

Bur. Then to your Souldiers: I will to my plot.

Phil. Away my Lord, leaue me vnto the Duke.

Rod. Kill you the Duke, and after Ile kill thee.

Bur. This pen is stabbed, and it will not write,  
The Incke that's in the Standage doth looke blacke,  
This in my pen is turnd as red as bloud.

Phil. The reason that the platforme you would make,  
Must by this hand be written with thy bloud.

*The History of*

*Bur.* Zounds, what art thou that threatens Burbon so?

*Phil.* One that's as desperat-carelesse of his life,

As thou art timerous, and fearest to dye.

*Bur.* Comest thou to kill me?

*Phil.* If I should say no,

This weapon would condemne me, which I scyz'd

Of purpose, Burbon, to bereaue thy life.

*Bur.* Why, fond man, mad man, know'st thou what thou

*Phil.* I know it, Burbon, and I know besides, (doest)

What thou wouldest say, to daunt my resolution.

*Burb.* What would I say?

*Phil.* Why, that this place is death,

As being thy Tent, eniron'd with thy slaues;

Where if I kill thee, tis impossible

To scape with life: this, Burbon, thou wouldest say:

But Philip is not to be mou'd with words.

*Burb.* Philip!

*Phil.* I Philip, Bellamirae Loue,

Whose beauty, villayne, thou hast poysened:

For which I haue vow'd thy death, and thou shalt dye,

Therefore betake you to what fence you will,

Amongst this bundle chuse one weapon forth,

And like a worthy Duke prepare thy selfe,

In knighthly maner to defend thy lite:

For I will fight with thee, and kill thee too,

Or thou shalt give an end vnto my life,

But if thou call vnto thy slaues for helpe,

Burbon, my sword shall nayle thee to the wall,

And thinke Prince Philip is a Prince indeed,

To giue thee this aduantage for thy life.

*Bur.* Boy, I will scourge your insolence with death,

*Phil.* Come on,

*Fight, and kill Burbon.*

*Bur.* Oh, I am slayne.

*Rod.* Murder, murder, Burbon the Duke is slayne.

*Phil.* Peace, Rodorick, I am Philip thy deare friend.

*Rod.* Thou art a counterfeit, I know thec not.

*Phil.* Didst

## the tryall of Chevalry.

Phil. Didst not thou guide me vnto Burbons Tent?

Rod. I guide thee to the Tent? I know thee not.

What, murder, ho: will no man heare my voyce?

Enter Poser, and 2. or 3. soldiers.

Pet. Yes, here are those can heare well y'nough.  
Where is the murdered, and the murderer?

Rod. Peter, behold thy masters breathlesse truncke,  
And there's Prince Philip that hath murdered him.

Per. To avoyd prolixity, Ile kill him :

Yet first give me leaue to weepe for my master.

Rod, First, seyze the murderer, and after weep  
Dishonour, &c.

Phil. He that first ventures to attach  
English, for he had a life to save.

Let him be sure he hath a life to spare:  
For I will send one break loose to the arena.

For I will send one breathless to the grave.  
But, You that have thyself lived, assault the

Per. You that haue nyne liues, assault the gentleman.  
Reb. What peasants dare you not attack the slaves?

16. What pealants, dare you not attack the lauer?  
He rausc the whole Campe but ile apprehend him.

The Fayie the whole Camp, but he apprehend him.  
A drum-drummer: Soldiers incire him.

Alarum drums: Soldiers, marche arm,  
And smite apprehend or slay the wretch.

And either apprehend or stay the writer.

Enter Pembroke, and Ferdinand.

Pess. Tis princely Philip, helpe to rescue him.

Red. What slaves are these that dare oppose these slaves,  
In rescue of a murderer 'gainst an Host?

Fer. Such as will make thee, Rodorick, fly for life.

Pet. Zounds, men are mortall; to auoyd prolixity, my Lord of Orleance, your best course is flying, and therein I will be your follower.

**Red Fly before three, and be thus strong.**

'Twere madness.

Pen, We trifl time, let's driv' them from the Tent.

## HISTOGRAM

## The History of

Alarum, and drives away Peter and  
Rodorick.

Pem. Live, worthy Philip, Pembroke bids thee live,  
That did suspect this complot at the tombe,  
When in the honour of Prince Ferdinand,  
You did resigne your shield.

Phil. Th'Earle of Pembroke!

Fer. And Ferdinand that loues thee as his soule.

Phil. Two liues I owe my starres, beside mine owne,  
In sending me two friends of such import.  
Durst you aduenture thorow the enemies Campe,  
And put your liues in danger to saue mine?

Pem. The rumour of the Duke of Burbons death,  
Hath so possit the Campe with admiration,  
That they regardlesse suffer all to passe:  
Only this, Rodorick wakens them a little;  
But cannot weane them from their wondring minds.

Phil. That Rodorick is a perfect villayne turn'd:  
For though he guided me vnto his Tent,  
And gaue his liking that the Duke should dye;  
Yet how the villayne cryed to murder me.  
But come, in this confusion let's be gone,  
Tis dangerous to abide in Burbons Tent.  
Rodorick, thou art the next must taste of death:  
That taske once done, we shall with little payne,  
Our angry fathers reconcile agayne.

Alarum, Enter Nauar, Bowyer, Nod, Core, Souldiers,  
drums and colours.

Nas. The Alarum sounded in the enemies Campe.  
Now for Nauar and Fame, stand to it, sirs.

Bow. Hart, stand to it? heere's some of vs knowes how  
to runne away, and they be put to it: Though wee haue  
lost our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembroke, yet  
hero's

## the tryall of Cambalry.

here's Caualiero Bowyer, Core and Nod, by Iesu, sound  
Cards; and Mahound and Ferragant come against vs,  
weele fight with them. Couragio, my hearts, S. George  
for the honour of England.

Nau. The aduerte part comes on, fight gallantly.

Enter Fraunce, Flanners, and Soldiers, with  
Drum and Colours.

Lew. Is false Nauar so thirsty to drinke bloud,  
That he must ioyne the Squadron of his trooops,  
Before the signall of the battel's giuen.  
Belike you thought to take vs vnpreparde,  
No, king, our wrong hangs like a watch before vs,  
And makes vs number euery short lynd minute,  
Till your liues answere for our Daughters death;  
Charge, braue spirits; Saint Denis now for Fraunce.

Nau. Saint Denis for Nauar: Alarum Drums.

Alarum, they fight, Fraunce put to the worf, enters  
Rodorike and Peter, the fight continued, and  
Nauar drinen in.

Lew. Nauar and his weake forces make retire:  
Pursue them, Sirs, the victorie is ours.

Rod. Be like staru'd Lions 'mongst a heard of Beasts,  
Ruthelesse and bloody slaughters all you meete,  
Till proud Nauar be flayn, or kisse your feet:  
Saint Denis, and cry murder through the host.

Alarum, enter Pembroke, Ferdinand & Philip.

Pew. He that steps forward with a murdring thought,  
Marries him selfe to death. Fraunce, cease the fight:  
They are Frenchmen you pursue, French men you should  
Dig not for Traytors loue your subiects graue. (tame.)

Lew. What franticke knaights are those that dare oppose

## The History of

Their single force against our multitudes? (creas'd)

Phil. Those that wish you and Fraunce bright fames can  
So you would chase hence war, and welcome peace.

Rod. That was the Traytor, that slew royll Bourbon.

Pet. Downe with the villaynes.

Rod. Souldiers, scyze on him,

And then purue Nauar with sudden death.

Fer. E're the least hayre fall from his kingly head,  
Roderick, thy base trunck shall be butchered.

Pem. Will you accept of peace?

Lew. Follow Nauar.

Pet. Downe with that murderer.

Fer. Zounds, then in spight,

Wee le sauue Nauar, and chase you hence in fight.

All. Ha, ha.

Pem. Nay, smile not, though our number's few,  
Our great hearts tell vs, we shall conquer you.

Alarum, and S. George.

*Alarum, they fight. Enter Nauar and his forces:*

*Fraunce chase away.*

Nau. Fraunce and his daunted forces gives vs ground:  
Charge, charge agayne, and we are Conquerours,

Phil. Stand, or ne're stirre agayne.

Nau. What meane these Knights?

Pem. To stop your passage this way, great Nauar.

I charge thee, by the duty of a King,

Thy loue to lustice, and thy subiects liues,

You sound retreat, and make a peace with Fraunce.

Nau. A peace, and haue the vantage of the day?

Bor. That's a tricke, by Iesu, to mocke an Ape: wee're  
none of that, but stoo, stand off, stand off, stand off, stand off.

Nau. Wee're haue no peace, but what our swords can  
Follow the chase.

Phil. Are you growne insolent?

For

## the tryall of Chevalry.

For one light puffe of fortune proues it so?  
Nay, then our swords turne to your ouerthrow.

*Alarum, they fight, and drise in Nanar.*

*Fer.* That was my father that you fought against.

*Phil.* You did as much to mine.

*Pem.* Princes, agree: force cannot end this war, but policy.  
Therefore dispearse your selues, and let our Squires,  
With Trumpets in their mouches sound lowd retreat,  
Where you perceiue the fight most violent.  
The strangeness of which act will straight amaze,  
When they shall heare both peace and war dchouanc'd,  
And one selfe instant, they will soone retire.  
To know the issue, Princes, fall to worke:  
Tis worke of charity, 'twould doe me good,  
If we could end this battell without bloud.

*Fer.* I hope we shall: farewell, ile to my charge.

*Pem.* The like will Pembroke.

*Phil.* Philip is not last.  
Yet though I seeke the safety of my frends,  
Rodorick shall lose his bloud, e're this fight ends.

*Alarum, excursions. Enter Peter leading  
Thomasin.*

*Pet.* Struggle not, striue not, your sweete heart Bowyer cannot saue you. Without prolixity, you must goe with mee.

*Tho.* Helpe, helpe.

*Pet.* And the God of warre come in thy defence, my humour is to kill him. Come away.

*Enter Bowyer.*

*Bow.* By Iesu, & you go this way, you must pay custom.  
Zounds, you pickt-hatch Caualiero petticoate-monger, can you find time now to be catching Thomasin? come, deliuer, or by Zenacrib, & the lfe of king Charlemayne, ile thrash

## The History of

your coxcomb, as they doe hennes at Shreuerdyde: no,  
will you not doe, you Tan-fat? zounds, then haue at you,

They fight, Bowyer hath the wench, rescued by France,  
reconcled by Nanar: Philip meets Rodorick, rescued by  
Peter: retreat is sounded, the enemies begin to retire, Ro-  
dorick chas'd by Philip: Enter at severall doores, after re-  
trete sounded, Pembrooke and Ferdinand.

Fer. Are the Kings feuerd? will they bow to peace?

Pem. Peace is a welcome ghēst vnto their hearts:

But Rodorickē, like a greedy enuious charle,  
Fearing to spend his wealth, still keeps them backe,  
Tis he exasperates the Princes hate:

And when our Trumpets call them to retyre,  
He with warres clangor sets them on agayne.  
Vnlesse he be remoou'd, our labour's lost.

Fer. It shall not; for ile seeke him through the Host,  
And with this sword pare off the Traytors head.

Pem. Doe, and ile scowre these ranks: if Pembrok's eye  
Encounters his, he meets his Tragedy.

Alarums. Enter Philip, pursuing Rodorickē.

Phil. Stay, warlike friends, and ayd me in reuenge.

Fer. That is Rodorickē.

Pem. Heere's the Traytor, strike him downe.

Phil. Who liftis his armē at him, strikes at my brest,

Red. Why haue you thus ring'd me about with swords?

Phil. To shew thee thou must dye.

Red. What haue I done,

That thus you labour my destruction?

Pem. Thou wer't a party in all Burbons wrongs.

Fer. Falsely term'd Ferdinand a Ravisher,

Pem. Set discord twixt these Kings,

Phil. Practised my death.

Pem. Villayne, for this, our swords shall stop thy breath.

Fer. Stand

## the tryall of Cbeualry.

Fer. Stand not to argue, let's all runne at him.

Phil. Now as you loue my loue, or prize mine honour,

Touch not the Ttaytor, he is Philips son;

And none but I must worke his ouerthrew.

Thrice in the battell he was rescued from me:

But now hee's falne into the Lyons paw,

From whence the whole world cannot ransome him,

Preseruers of my life, heroick friends,

Be you my safety, keepe the Souldyers off,

Whilst in the midst by fayre and equall fight,

I send this Traytor to eternall night.

Ferd. By heauen agreed.

Pem. Heere Pembroke takes his stand:

Come Fraunce and all the world, I will not start,

Til Philips knightly sword pearce Rodoricks hart.

Rod. Accurst, I am betrayd, incompast round:

Now lyfe and hope and stace must kille the ground.

Phil. Rodorick, thou seest, all wayes are stopt to flie,

Be desperat then, fight brauely, and so die.

Alarum, they fight: enter to Pembroke, Nauar,

Bowyer, & Souldiers; to Ferdinand, Fraunce, Flan-

ders & Souldiers: they fight and keepe them backe:

Rodoricke would scape, till kept in the midst, and  
kild by Philip.

Phil. Now are his trecheries repaid with death:

Philip and Pembroke, sound your retreats

With better hope; in him all hatred endes:

The kings will now loue peace, & soone be friends.

Exeunt. Enter Peter wounded, Bowler following.

Bow. Zounds, neuer runne for the matter, a scratcht face  
can not serue your turne, we must haue bloudy noses; stand  
on your gard: & I do not make haggasse puddings of your  
guttes, Ile never dominier in the long Alleyes agayne.

## The History of

Peter Cymnall, Ile cracke you for this, Ile teach you to  
deale with Peter de Lions, and that without prolixite.

Bow. Do: haue at you in earnest: S. George, you rogue.

*Alaram, fight: Bowyer kills him.*

Bow. So, there's for your prolixities: there's for The-  
masin: the Thornbackly slave, and he were made of any  
thing but gristles, I am a pumpian: 'Shart, he had no met-  
tle in him: yet how the villayne crak't and dominier'd  
when he was liuing: ah, sirra, never goyo for the matter,  
tis Captayne Bowyer that speaks ic. When thou meet'st  
the great Deuill, commend me to him, and say, I sent him  
thee for a new yeres gift: and there's one Sarlaboys to, as  
arrant a bloud-sucker, and as notable a coward, as euer  
drew weapon in a bawdy house: hee carryes my marke a-  
bout him: if Dicke Bowyer be not writh a bountifull be-  
nefactor in hell for my good deeds, in sending thither such  
Canibals, I am a Rabbit-sucker: yet I scorne to vaunt of  
my deeds too. They sound a retreat: farewell, Peter, and  
learne hereafter what it is to be riuall to an English gentle-  
man, Cavaliero Bowyer, one of the nyne worthyes.

*Exit.*

*A retreyt. Enter at one dore, Fraunce, Flaunder,*  
*and Souldiers: at the other dore Nauar, Bow-*  
*yer, and Souldiers.*

Lew. Nauar, why haue you sounded a retreyt?  
Will your proud heart decline and call vs Lord?

Nau. We thought by the faynt lāguage of your drums,  
Fraunce would haue knowne his error, and beg'd peace.

Lew. Fraunce beg a peace!

Nau. Nauar call you his Lord!

Flan. Why did you cease the fight, and sound retreat?

Bow. Not we, by this beard: not we, by the life of Pharo;

Nau. Your Trumpets guided by your faynting breach,  
*Dchorted*

## the tryall of Cheuaby.

Dehortet vs from war, and sounded peace.

Lew. Nauar derides vs.

Nan. Fraunce, tis you that doo't.

Lew. Sound war, and brauely let vs once more root.

Enter in the middest, Pembroke, Ferdinand, and Philip.

Pem. Kings of Nauar and Fraunce, why doe you thus  
With ciuill butchery wound this blessed land,  
Which like a mother, from her melting eyes,  
Sheds crymson teares, to see you enemys?  
Lewes of Fraunce, wherein hath great Nauar  
Dangerd your state, that you should prosecute  
War with her largest ruine? how hath Fraunce  
Sowed such inueterate hate within your brest,  
That to confound him, you will undergoe  
The orphans curse, the widdowes teares & cries,  
Wholc husbands in these warres haue lost their lives?  
E're you contend, discourse your grievances.

Lew. Falle Ferdinand his sonne, rauisht our child.

Fer. Now by my Kighthood, honor, and this gage,  
Fraunce, Ie approue you wrong that Ferdinand.

Phil. Who can accuse him?

Lew. That did Rodorick.

Pem. That Traytor, for a deed so false, so foule,  
Hath answered it by this, eu'en with his soule.

Nau. Our sonne, and valours bloome, th' English Pem-  
By Lewes trechory were butchred. (brooke,

Phil. Were the whole world ioynd in so false a thing,  
Alone Ie combat all, and cleare the King.

Pem. Fraunce never had designe in their two deaths.

Nau. He leagu'd with Burbon, that destroyd my child.

Lew. He poysoned her descreudly.

Phil. That dead of sharpe, 2 sides of it, 2 sides of it  
Cut off his life, and rac'd out Burbons name.

Lew. His death shal be thy death; for thy hand slue him.

Nan. This other in the battell twice to day,

14

Made

## The History of

Made vs retire, Fraunce, shall we ioyne in league,  
Till we haue veng'd our malice on these knyghtes?

Lew. Nauar, agreed. Souldiers, this kyld your Lords.

Nau. And this our fame: let's smngle them with swords.

Pem. Take truce a while with rage; heare what wee'le  
This knyghts new Burbon, this inferst you fly; (urges)  
Therfore you hate them, and for hate they die.  
Since then true vertue is disfigured,  
Desert trod downe, and their heroick worth,  
In iustice doom'd on Traytors merits, Death:  
Behold these two, which thousands could not daune,  
But your vngatitude, on bended knee,  
Yeeld vp their swounds to bide your tyranny.  
'Twas he kild Burbon: if you loue him dead,  
Shew it by paring off this valiant head:  
Do you the like: to this reuenge apace.  
They feare not threats, and scorne to beg for grace.

Lew. And they shall find none.

Nau. Knights, triumph in death,  
We are your headsmen, Kings shall stop your breath.

They take off their Helmes.

Lew. Philip, my leane! (troy) (stoy)

Nau. Young Ferdinand my joy! (troy. (stoy.

Pem. Call them not sonnes, whom you would fayne de-

Nau. Hold not our age too long in deepe suspect:  
Art thou Ferdinand?

Lew. And thou Philip?

Fer. We are the friendly sonnes of aduerte parents,  
Your long lost children, though supposed slayne,  
We line, and come to ioy your age agayne.

Nau. Welcome all earthly blisse.

Lew. Welcome, deare child,  
Thy presence halfe our sorrow hath exil'd.

Pem. How soon this Scene is chāg'd! those that eue now  
Were sworne warres seruants, now to peace do bow:  
Then Pembrooke, strive to make their ioyes more full,  
Sce, kingly father, to that princely sonne.

Pembrooke,

the tryall of Cbualry.

Pembroke, the hated murderer of his friend:  
Pembroke, that did deuide thec from his sight,  
And cut so many passages of death,  
In his indeareid boosome, humbly thus  
Forgets his honour, and from your hyc hand,  
Inuokes reuenge for wounding Ferdinand.

*Fer.* Still he turmounts me in an honour'd loue,  
Rise, friend; or if thou striu'st to haue the world,  
In me, as in a glasse, see a false friend.  
Behold, I kneele, and here proclayme to all,  
My friendship's broke, but thine substantiall.

*Na.* Model of vertue, heaerd Pembroks Earle,  
Rise in as deare regard as Ferdinand.  
Oh, had I Bellamira once in hold,  
Age would turne youth, & I should ne're be old.

*Lew.* Had I my Katharina once agayne,  
Our ioy were then stretcht to the highest strayne:  
But she was rauisht, and then murthered.

*Phil.* Beare not that hard opinion: Rodericks young  
Slaundred that Prince, and did his vertue wrong.

*Pens.* Lewis of Fraunce, heare what an English Earle  
Speaks in the front and view of all thy Host:  
If euer Ferdinand staynd Katharines honour,  
I was a party: yet in all your Campe,  
Who dares step forth and call me rauisher?  
No, Fraunce, knew Pembroke is an Englishman,  
Highly deriu'd, yet higher in my thoughts;  
And tor to register mine acts in brasie,  
Whiche all-devouring time shall ne're race out,  
Haue I through all the Ccouets of Christendome,  
In knightly tryall prou'd my vertue sound,  
Raisd Englands fame aloft; and shall I now,  
In her next continent, her neighbour Realme,  
Fraunce, on whose boosome I may stand and see  
That blessed soyle, that bred and fostred me,  
Soyle all my late-got honour, to consent  
Vnto a royll Princes rauishment?

The History of

Ide sooner from a mountayne cast my selfe,  
Or from a hungry Lyon teare his pray,  
Then dare to act a deed so infamous: Enter Kat.  
But words are ayre: Lewis, behold this face; charina.  
This proues our honour cleere from all disgrace.

Lew. My Katharine!

Pbil. My deare sister!

Fer. My fayre Loue!

Pem. See, Princes, loues effect: she flies your hand,  
To liue imbrac't with her deare Ferdinand.

Lew. And heauen forbid that we should sunder them.  
Nauar, reach me thy hand: grym war is fled,  
And peace shall end the same in a nuptiall bed.  
Some Philip, ratify your sisters choyce.

Pbil. Even with my soule: for euer liue you blest.  
Oh Bellamira, had not cursed Bourbon,  
For beauty robd thy cheeks with Leprosie:  
Hadst thou but stayd with me, as is their state,  
So had bin mine, happy and fortunate.

*Enter Clowne attyred like a Gentleman, Bellamira  
following with a Scarfe on her face.*

Clow. By your leaue, sweet blouds: may a Gentleman  
or so, deceyue two or three ounces of words in this  
assembly?

Lew. You may.

Clow. Is there not a young Kings sonne amongst you,  
who treading the steps of his father, is called Philip?

Pbil. I am the man thou seekst.

Clow. Then the old saying is verified, He that seeks, shall  
find. Heere is a poore kinswoman of mine would desire  
some priuate conference with you, or so.

Phil. Whiche whom see I? Bellamira!

Nau. Daughter!

Pbil. Do not deride my woes, speake, speake, I pray.

Pem. Looke not so strange, it is thy louely Loue,

*Thus*

## *the tryall of Chevalry.*

Thus manag'd, to approue thy constancy,  
Embrace her then: and now Navar and Fraunce,  
Here end your strife, and let all hatred fall,  
And turne this warre to Hymens festiuall.

*Nav.* This Pembrooks counsell we subscribe vnto.

*Lew.* The like doth France: Louers imbrace your Loues;  
And Captaines, joyn your Bands, mix power with power,  
And let those swords, which late were drawne for death,  
Sleepe in their sheathes. You, worthy Pembrooke,  
And all your followers, shall receyue our fauour,  
In plenteous largesse: so, set on to Court;  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, deafe the ayre with cryes,  
And fill eche subiects heart with ioyes increase,  
T'applaud our childrens loue, and this dayes peace.

**FINIS.**



Perfect

for B. Quaintance

J. S. Ferguson

26.4.1904

